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THE
FIFTH
READER

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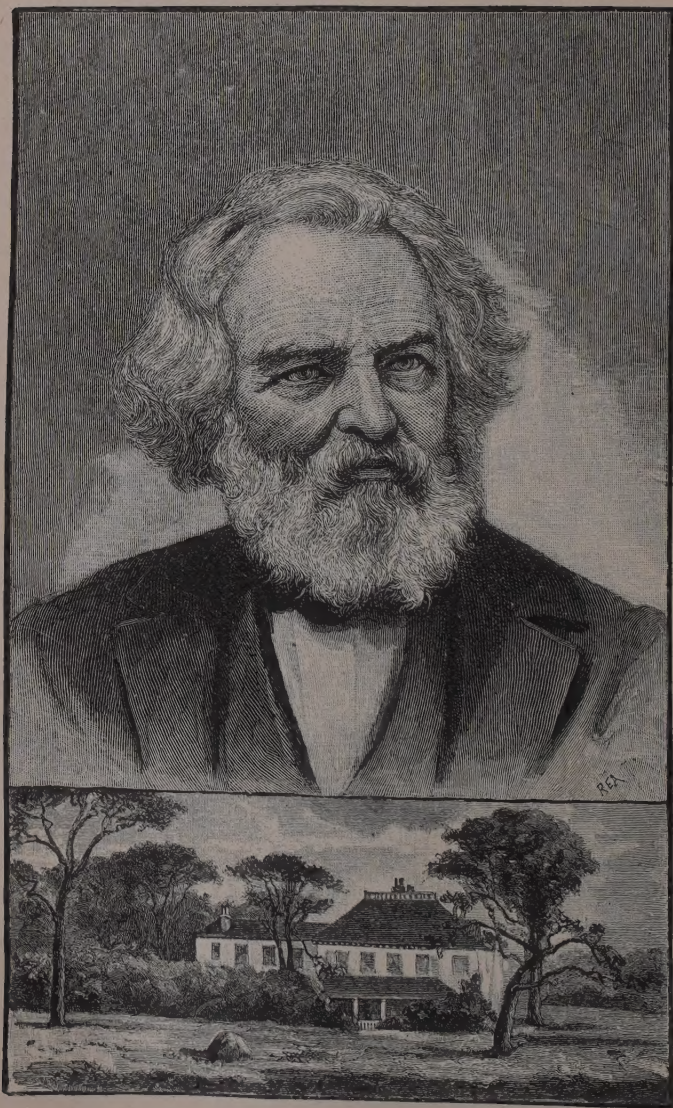
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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(Page 123.)

Butler's Series

THE

FIFTH READER.



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PREFACE.

IN the preparation of the FIFTH READER, the object has been to complete the series in such a manner as to meet the requirements of the large majority of pupils who have neither time nor opportunity to enter into an extended study of English and American literature.

In order to accomplish this, selections have been taken from the best authors, beginning with those of the present day, and ranging back, in the order of their birth, to the days of Shakespeare and the English Bible. These selections are accompanied with biographical, critical, and explanatory notes, and definitions, making the book, to some extent, a compendium of English literature without impairing its efficiency as a Reader.

By this plan, the pupil is enabled to institute a comparison between the best efforts of earlier, and more recent authors, and to obtain a clearer view of the very gradual change that has taken place in the English language.

In arranging the materials, place has necessarily been given to many of those standard pieces whose merits have been recognized by previous compilers. It was to such extracts as these that the best of the old series of Readers owed their popularity, and no book of this grade would be complete without them.

The selections in this volume from Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier are used by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who publish the works of these authors. The thanks of the publishers are also due to the Hon. George H. Boker, and to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. and Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. for permission to use selections from their publications.

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PHONIC CHART.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

ā,	as in	fāte.	ĩ,	as in	pĩn.
ă,	"	răt.	ı,	"	çertifȳ.
ä,	"	ärm.	ō,	"	nōte.
a,	"	all.	ö,	"	nöt.
â,	"	fâre.	o,	"	rumor.
â,	"	mâst.	ōō,	"	fōöd.
a,	"	aḡō.	öö,	"	ḡōöd.
ē,	"	mēte.	ũ,	"	tũbe.
ě,	"	mět.	ũ,	"	tũb.
e,	"	pârent.	û,	"	bûrn.
ī,	"	pīne.	u,	"	lōtus.
oi, oy,	"	oil, toy.	ou, ow,	"	out, now.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

b,	as in	băd.	p,	as in	păn.
d,	"	döt.	r,	"	röt.
f,	"	fün.	s,	"	sălt.
ḡ,	"	ḡët.	sh,	"	shē.
h,	"	höt.	t,	"	tĩn.
j,	"	joy.	th,	"	thĩn.
k,	"	kĩn.	th,	"	thĩs.
l,	"	lĩp.	v,	"	văt.
m,	"	măt.	w,	"	wăit.
n,	"	nō.	y,	"	yē.
ng,	"	sĩng.	z,	"	zōne.

EQUIVALENT SOUNDS.

VOWELS.				CONSONANTS.			
a,	like	ö,	as in	what.	ç,	like	s, as in çède.
ê,	"	â,	"	thêre.	e,	"	k, " eăt.
e,	"	ā,	"	prey.	ch,	"	tsh, " sŭch.
ê,	"	û,	"	hêr.	çh,	"	sh, " çhâiçe.
ew,	"	ū,	"	few.	eh,	"	k, " ehôrd.
ew,	"	u,	"	drew.*	d,	"	t, " fixed.
î,	"	ē,	"	pôlice.	g,	"	j, " gêm.
î,	"	û,	"	bîrd.	gh,	"	f, " roŭgh.
o,	"	ō,	"	mōve.	n,	"	ng, " fînger.
o,	"	oo,	"	wolf.	ph,	"	f, " phāse.
ô,	"	ŭ,	"	sôn.	qu,	"	k, " pîque.
ô,	"	a,	"	fôrm.	qu,	"	kw, " quāil.
ō,	"	û,	"	wôrd.	ş,	"	zh, " vişion.
u,	"	oo,	"	bul.	ş,	"	z, " rōşe.
u,	"	oo,	"	rude.	wh,	"	hw, " whăt.
ȳ,	"	ī,	"	flȳ.	x,	"	ks, " mīx.
ÿ,	"	ī,	"	mÿth.	x,	"	gz, " çxist.
y,	"	i,	"	vêry.	z,	"	zh, " āzûre.

i, like consonant y, as in ôñion.

ç, çç, çj, scj, sc, sj, s, t, tj, like sh, as in ôceānie, ôcean, vîcious, eônscious, năuseous, sêssion, sûre, rătio, nătjon.

Silent letters are printed in Italics.

* This sound of ew occurs only after r.

INTRODUCTION.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the act of forming with the organs of speech the elements of vocal language. Correct articulation is of the first importance, as without it there can be neither good reading nor good speaking. "A good articulation consists in giving every letter in a syllable its due proportion of sound according to the most approved custom of the best speakers, and in making such a distinction between the syllables of which words are composed that the ear shall readily distinguish their number and perceive at once to which syllable each letter belongs."

Articulation differs from pronunciation, in that it refers specially to the elementary sounds contained in words, without including accent.

PRONUNCIATION.

PRONUNCIATION is the utterance of words taken separately. It includes not only a correct articulation of the elements of a word, but also a proper placing of the accent.

A proper knowledge of the sounds of letters can be acquired only by example, and by the aid of such books as show the true pronunciation of words.

In ordinary conversation, or in such reading as imitates it, even the best speakers utter many letters with a quicker and more obscure sound than ought to be given to them in solemn discourse.

That care which would be pedantic in ordinary conversation is absolutely necessary to good elocution, which demands that every word should be so uttered as to be distinctly understood.

ACCENT is the stress of voice which we place upon a particular syllable of a word to distinguish it from the other syllables. In pronouncing a word of more than one syllable, we always give more force or stress to one of the syllables than to the others. Besides this primary accent, when the word is long, we often give a secondary accent to another syllable, as to the second syllable of *ar-tic'-u-la'-tion*.

In words from the Latin and the Greek the accent is generally on the termination, while in words from the Saxon it is usually on the root. There can be but little elegance in the delivery of a speaker who does not pay close attention to the proper placing of the accent and to a distinct articulation of the unaccented syllables.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is the stress of voice which we lay upon some particular word or words, to distinguish them from the other words in a sentence. As accent gives force to a syllable and character to a word, so emphasis gives force to a word and character to a sentence. The right placing of the emphasis is therefore of equal importance with the right placing of the accent. In reading a sentence, we naturally, as the sense requires, give more force to some words than to others. The speaker or the reader must give constant attention to the meaning of what he utters, the only sure guide to which is a just conception of the sentiments he is about to deliver. He must, however, be on his guard against the use of too many emphatic

words, which is as great an error as the entire omission of emphasis.

INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS are those changes of tone which are necessary properly to express certain ideas.

The change of the voice from a higher to a lower tone is called the *falling* inflection, and may be indicated by the grave accent ; as, "Where are you going'?"

The change of the voice from a lower to a higher tone is called the *rising* inflection, and may be indicated by the acute accent ; as, "Did you see him'?"

A union of these inflections upon the same syllable is called a *circumflex* inflection, and may be indicated by the circumflex accent ; as, "It shall go *hârd* but I will *bêtter* the instruction."

Questions that may be answered by *Yes* or *No* generally require the rising inflection.

Questions that may be answered in any other manner usually require the falling inflection.

PAUSES.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading or in speaking, and are generally indicated by punctuation-marks. Some pauses are required by the sense or by the emphasis when there are no marks of punctuation. In reading poetry, attention must be given to the harmonic pauses, as well as to those which have reference to the sense. There is usually a pause at the end of each line, also one at or near the middle ; and frequently there are minor pauses which still further subdivide a line. Care must be taken to avoid a sing-song tone in attempting to give the proper pauses, which sometimes constitute the chief distinction between prose and poetry.

TONES.

TONES are those changes of the voice which indicate the feelings of the speaker.

“The different passions of the mind must be expressed by different tones of the voice,—*love*, by a soft, smooth, languishing tone; *anger*, by a strong, vehement, and elevated tone; *joy*, by a quick, sweet, and clear tone; *sorrow*, by a low, flexible, interrupted tone; *fear*, by a dejected, tremulous, hesitating tone; *courage*, by a full, bold, and loud tone; and *perplexity*, by a grave and earnest tone.”

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION has been defined to be “the graceful utterance of words that are arranged into sentences and that form discourse,” and it “requires a knowledge and right application of emphasis, pauses, inflections, and tones.”

The chief purpose of ordinary reading is to convey an accurate idea of an author’s meaning, and this requires a due regard to accent, pauses, and strength and clearness of delivery. This is the manner usual in plain, unemotional reading; but this manner is dry and lifeless. Emotional reading calls into play a much higher order of ability: it not only expresses the meaning of an author, but it also gives the beauty and variety demanded by the feelings which are to be expressed.

Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to formulate a series of rules and directions that will of themselves make good elocutionists. No less an authority than David Garrick, in speaking of such an attempt on the part of Sir Richard Steele, says, “I can easily believe Mr. Steele may imitate a speech *he has heard* with great exactness, but I cannot persuade myself that one who did not hear it can do the like *from any notes or symbols*

whatever." Any artificial scheme of teaching elocution must necessarily be imperfect, and at best but a circuitous path to the object in view.

With a full conviction of the truth of the above statement,—a conviction born of practical experience,—no attempt has here been made to prescribe an exact method of elocutionary training warranted to produce certain results. Applying, therefore, to the subject of elocution the words of the poet, that

"all a rhetorician's rules
But teach him how to name his tools,"

and bearing in mind what has already been said in reference to articulation, pronunciation, emphasis, etc., it remains only to give such *general* directions as can readily be comprehended by a pupil who has reached that stage of advancement in general intelligence that permits a book of this grade to be placed in his hands.

The one rule that will best guide us in making a right disposition of modulation, emphasis, inflection, etc., is "*a faithful, sympathetic attention to the full meaning, sentiment, and feeling of what we are reading.*" If, through lack of interest or of intelligence, a pupil will not or cannot distinguish naturally between the style of delivery required by a repetition of the multiplication table on the one hand, and by the reading of "Horatius at the Bridge" on the other, it is very certain that no rules can help him to become a good reader.

Important as is clear, correct pronunciation, there is something more required to make reading significant. The various relations of clause to clause and of sentence to sentence must be made manifest by the inflections of the voice; and these relations must be known beforehand, or be seen

clearly as the reading progresses, in order to convey their full significance to the hearer.

But the quality that especially distinguishes good reading is something above and beyond the mere conveyance to the hearer of the sense of what is read. It is *EXPRESSION*, or that quality of tone which is imparted by passion or by emotion. It cannot be taught absolutely, like pronunciation or inflection, but it may be drawn out whenever there is a proper basis of understanding and appreciation on which to exercise the imagination. To cultivate this power of expression has been the aim of various voluminous and minute "Rules of Reading," which are as successful in producing the desired result as a work on painting would be in making a fine artist. The most practical direction that can be given is that in emotional reading the student should cease to consider himself a reader and become a speaker; for, while the principles which should guide both are the same, the latter allows more action and more emotion than the former. In this connection we cannot do better than quote a portion of Hamlet's advice to the players :

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands,—thus,—but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.

"Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action,—with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of Nature."

FIFTH READER.

1.—OVER THE RIVER.

NANCY A. W. PRIEST was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, in 1847. The only education she received was what could be had at an ordinary country school. She worked for several years in a mill, and it was while thus employed that she composed the following beautiful poem. It was laid aside for a time, but was finally published in one of the papers of the day. The author was only twenty years of age at the time of its publication. The melody and touching sentiment of this poem have rendered it deservedly famous. She died September 21, 1870.

1. OVER the river they beckon to me,—

Loved ones who've crossed to the further side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue :
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there ;
The gates of the city we could not see ;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

2. Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another,—the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale :
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.
3. For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And, lo ! they have passed from our yearning heart ;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye ;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.
4. And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;

I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit-land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Běek'on, to make a sign to another. Re flée'-
 tion, an image given back from any surface. 2. Phăn'tom, that
 which has only an apparent existence. Răn'sómed, redeemed.
 Mýs'tie, obscure, mysterious. 3. Yěarn'ing, filled with a longing
 desire. 4. Flūsh'ing, causing to glow. Stränd, shore or beach.

2.—THE OLD FISHERMAN.

JEAN INGELOW was born at Ipswich, England, in 1830. She first became known through her poems, which are graceful and melodious. She is especially attractive to children in such works as *Songs of Seven* and *Mopsa the Fairy*. Her novels are very original in plot and style. Of these, *Off the Skelligs* and *Fated to be Free* are companion-books. *Studies for Stories*, in two series, are among her earlier prose works; *Sara de Berenger* and *Don John* are her later publications. Her prose shows even greater power than her poetry, and at the same time is full of those delicate touches and beautiful descriptions which are the charm of her poems.

1. THERE was a poor old man
 Who sat and listened to the raging sea,
 And heard it thunder, lunging at the cliffs
 As like to tear them down. He lay at night,
 And "Lord have mercy on the lads," said he,
 "That sailed at noon, though they be none of mine!
 For when the gale gets up, and when the wind
 Flings at the window, when it beats the roof,
 And lulls, and stops, and rouses up again,
 And cuts the crest clean off the plunging wave,
 And scatters it like feathers up the field,
 Why, then I think of my two lads,—my lads

That would have worked and never let me want,
And never let me take the parish pay.

2. "No, none of mine: my lads were drowned at sea—
My two—before the most of these were born.
I know how sharp that cuts, since my poor wife
Walked up and down, and still walked up and down,
And I walked after, and one could not hear
A word the other said, for wind and sea,
That raged and beat and thundered in the night,—
The awfulest, the longest, lightest night
That ever parents had to spend. A moon
That shone like daylight on the breaking wave.
Ah, me! and other men have lost their lads,
And other women wiped their poor dead mouths,
And got them home and dried them in the house,
And seen the drift-wood lie along the coast,
That was a tidy boat but one day back,
And seen next tide the neighbors gather it
To lay it on their fires.

3. "Ay, I was strong
And able-bodied,—loved my work; but now
I am a useless hull; 'tis time I sunk;
I am in all men's way; I trouble them;
I am a trouble to myself; but yet
I feel for mariners of stormy nights,
And feel for wives that watch ashore. Ay, ay,
If I had learning I would pray the Lord
To bring them in; but I'm no scholar, no;
Book-learning is a world too hard for me;
But I make bold to say: 'O Lord, good Lord,
I am a broken-down poor man, a fool

And save the lives of them that still can work,
 For they are good to me, ay, good to me.
 But, Lord, I am a trouble ; and I sit,
 And I am lonesome ; and the nights are few
 That any think to come and draw a chair
 And sit in my poor place and talk awhile.
 Why should they come, forsooth ? Only the wind
 Knocks at my door ; oh, long and loud it knocks,—
 The only thing God made that has a mind
 To enter in."

7. Yea, thus the old man spake :
 These were the last words of his aged mouth ;
 BUT ONE DID KNOCK. One came to sup with him,
 That humble, weak old man,—knocked at his door
 In the rough pauses of the laboring wind.
 I tell you that One knocked while it was dark
 Save where their foaming passion had made white
 Those livid seething billows. What He said
 In that poor place where He did talk awhile
 I cannot tell ; but this I am assured,
 That when the neighbors came the morrow morn,
 What time the wind had bated, and the sun
 Shone on the old man's floor, they saw the smile
 He passed away in ; and they said, " He looks
 As he had woke and seen the face of Christ,
 And with that rapturous smile held out his arms
 To come to Him."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Lūng'ing, *thrusting or pushing*. 6. For sōoth', *in truth*. 7. Liv'id, *lead-colored*. Sēeth'ing, *boiling*. As sūred', *made certain of*. Bāt'ed, *decreased in violence*.

NOTE.—1. *Parish pay*, an allowance made by a parish for the support of its poor.

3.—WHICH SHALL IT BE?

MRS. ETHEL LYNN BEERS was born in 1827, and died in 1879. She was the author of a number of beautiful poems, among which the best known are *All Quiet Along the Potomac* and *Which Shall it Be?* Of the latter an eminent critic has said that "for depth of feeling, simplicity of expression, and touching pathos it will compare favorably with any similar poem in the language."

1. "WHICH shall it be? which shall it be?"
 I looked at John, John looked at me,—
 Dear patient John, who loves me yet
 As well as though my locks were jet;
 And when I found that I must speak,
 My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
 "Tell me again what Robert said;"
 And then I, listening, bent my head.

2. "This is his letter: 'I will give
 A house and land while you shall live,
 If, in return, from out your seven,
 One child to me for aye is given.'"
 I looked at John's old garments worn,
 I thought of all that John had borne
 Of poverty and work and care,—
 Which I, though willing, could not share,—
 Of seven hungry mouths to feed,
 Of seven little children's need,
 And then of this.

3. "Come, John," said I;
 "We'll choose among them as they lie
 Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
 Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where the new nameless baby slept.
"Shall it be Baby?" whispered John.
I took his hand and hurried on
To Lily's crib. Her sleeping grasp
Held her old doll within its clasp;
Her bright curls lay, like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her!"

4. We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel-face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No! for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered; while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,—
Turbulent, reckless, idle one,—
Could he be spared? "Nay! He who gave
Bids us befriend him to the grave.
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

5. Then stole we softly up above,
 And knelt by Mary, child of love.
 "Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
 I said to John. Quite silently
 He lifted up a curl that lay
 Across her cheek in willful way,
 And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee;"
 The while my heart beat audibly.
 Only one more,—our eldest lad,
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
 So like his father: "No, John, no;
 I cannot, will not let him go!"
6. And so we wrote, in courteous way,
 We could not give one child away.
 And afterward toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed,—
 Happy, in truth, that not one face
 Was missed from its accustomed place;
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

DEFINITIONS.—4. A thwart', *across*. Tûr'bū lent, *unruly*.

4.—SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY was born at Ealing, Middlesex, England, in 1825. He received his early education in his native town, and afterward studied medicine in the Medical School of Charing Cross Hospital. In 1846 he entered the medical service of the royal navy. He early showed a great taste for natural history, and while young some of his philosophical papers gained him the respect of the great naturalists of Europe. He has since written numerous works—anatomical, zoological, and scientific—which have given him the reputation of being one of the greatest scientists of the age. The following selection is from an address delivered on the subject of *Scientific Education*.

1. I HOPE you will consider that the arguments I have now stated—even if there were no better ones—constitute a sufficient apology for urging the introduction of science into schools. The next question to which I have to address myself is, What sciences ought to be thus taught? And this is one of the most important of questions.

2. There are other forms of culture besides physical science; and I should be profoundly sorry to see the fact forgotten, or even to observe a tendency to starve or cripple literary or esthetic culture for the sake of science. Such a narrow view of the nature of education has nothing to do with my firm conviction that a complete and thorough scientific culture ought to be introduced in all the schools. By this, however, I do not mean that every school-boy should be taught everything in science: that would be a very absurd thing to conceive, and a mischievous thing to attempt.

3. What I mean is that no boys or girls should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined, more or less, in the methods of all sciences; so that, when turned into the world to make their own way, they shall be prepared to face scientific problems,—not by knowing at once the conditions of every problem or by being able at once to solve it, but by being familiar with the general current of scientific thought, and by being able to apply the methods of science in the proper way, when they have acquainted themselves with the conditions of the special problem.

4. That is what I understand by scientific education. To furnish a boy with such an education, it is by no means necessary that he should devote his whole school-existence to physical science; in fact, no one would lament

so one-sided a proceeding more than I. Nay, more, it is not necessary for him to give up more than a moderate share of his time to such studies, if they be properly selected and arranged, and if he be trained in them in a fitting manner.

5. I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows: To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomena of nature for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean, which we possess, is "physical geography,"—that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth and what is on it, in it, and about it. If any one who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that, so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under this head.

6. The child asks, "What is the moon, and why does it shine?"—"What is the water, and where does it run?"—"What is the wind?"—"What makes the waves in the sea?"—"Where does this animal live, and what is the use of that plant?" And if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish questions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child, nor any bounds to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking faculty in this way.

7. To all such questions answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas represent real knowledge, and not mere book-learning; and a panoramic view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child nine or ten years of age.

8. After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the

great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow and become familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge,—reading, writing, and elementary mathematics,—he should pass on to what is, in the more strict sense, physical science. Now, there are two kinds of physical science. The one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other deals with causes and effects.

9. In many of what we term our sciences these two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind, of science. Every educational advantage which training in physical science can give is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented for the present if they, added to physical geography, furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of schools.

10. Indeed, I conceive it would be one of the greatest boons which could be conferred upon England if henceforward every child in the country were instructed in the general knowledge of the things about it,—in the elements of physics and botany; but I should be still better pleased if there could be added somewhat of chemistry and an elementary acquaintance with human physiology.

11. So far as school-education is concerned, I want to go no farther just now; and I believe that such instruction would make an excellent introduction to that preparatory scientific training which, as I have indicated, is so essential for the successful pursuit of our most important professions. But this modicum of instruction must be so given as to insure real knowledge and practical discipline. If scientific education is to be dealt with as mere book-work, it will be better not to attempt it, but to stick to the Latin

grammar, which makes no pretense to be anything but book-work.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Ėält'ũre*, enlightenment and discipline acquired by mental training. *Es thět'ie*, pertaining to the science of taste or beauty. 5. *Phe nŏm'e na*, whatever is presented to the eye. *Āp prŏx-i mǎ'tion*, approach. *Ėāt'e ġo ry*, class or order. 6. *Āe erē'tion*, an increase by natural growth. *Fǎe'ul ty*, power or ability. 7. *Pǎn o rǎm'ie*, complete. 9. *Sŷs tem ăt'ie*, methodical. *Phŷs'ies*, the science of natural objects, including the study or knowledge of the material world. *Ėur rŷe'ũ lũm*, a fixed course of study. 10. *Phŷs-i ōl'o ġy*, the science which treats of the organs and their functions, in animals and plants. 11. *Mŏd'i eũm*, a small quantity.

5.—SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION (Concluded).

1. IF the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such training should be real,—that is to say, that the mind of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with fact; that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see, by the use of his own intellect and ability, that the thing is so, and not otherwise. The great peculiarity of scientific training—that in virtue of which it cannot be replaced by any other discipline whatsoever—is this bringing of the mind directly into contact with fact and practicing the intellect in the completest form of induction,—that is to say, in drawing conclusions from particular facts made known by immediate observation of nature.

2. The other studies which enter into ordinary education do not discipline the mind in this way. Mathematical training is almost purely deductive. The mathematician starts with a few simple propositions the proof of which is so obvious that they are called self-evident, and the rest of his work consists of subtile deductions from them. The teaching of languages—at any rate, as ordinarily practiced

—is of the same general nature: authority and tradition furnish the data, and the mental operations of the scholar are deductive.

3. Again, if history be the subject of study, the facts are still taken upon the evidence of tradition and authority. You cannot make a boy see the battle of Thermopylæ for himself, or know of his own knowledge that Cromwell once ruled England. There is no direct contact with natural fact by this road, nor any dispensing with authority, but rather a resting upon it.

4. In all these respects science differs from other educational discipline and prepares the scholar for common life. What have we to do in every-day life? Most of the business which demands our attention is matter of fact, which needs, in the first place, to be accurately observed or apprehended; in the second, to be interpreted by inductive and deductive reasonings, which are altogether similar in their nature to those employed in science. In the one case as in the other, whatever is taken for granted is so taken at one's own peril. Fact and reason are the ultimate arbiters, and patience and honesty are the great helpers out of difficulty.

5. But if scientific training is to yield its most eminent results, it must, I repeat, be made practical,—that is to say, that in explaining to a child the general phenomena of nature you must, as far as possible, give reality to your teaching by object-lessons. In teaching him botany, he must handle the plants and dissect the flowers for himself; in teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own knowledge.

6. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet

attracts iron. Let him see that it does; let him feel the pull of one upon the other for himself. And, especially, tell him that it is his duty to doubt, until he has been compelled by the absolute authority of nature to believe, that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life.

7. One is constantly asked, When should this scientific education be commenced? I should say, With the dawn of intelligence. As I have already said, a child seeks for information about matters of physical science as soon as it begins to talk. The first teaching it wants is an object-teaching of one sort or another; and as soon as it is fit for systematic instruction of any kind, it is fit for a modicum of science.

8. People talk of the difficulty of teaching young children such matters, and in the same breath insist upon their committing to memory propositions far harder to comprehend than anything in the educational course I have proposed. Again, I am incessantly told that we who advocate the introduction of science into schools make no allowance for the stupidity of the average boy or girl; but it is my belief that stupidity, in nine cases out of ten, is unnatural, and is developed by a long process of parental and pedagogic repression of the natural intellectual appetites, accompanied by a persistent attempt to create artificial ones for food which is not only tasteless, but at the same time essentially indigestible.

9. Those who urge the difficulty of instructing young people in science are apt to forget another very important condition of success,—important in all kinds of teaching,

but most essential, I am disposed to think, when the scholars are very young. This condition is that the teacher himself should really and practically know his subject. If he does, he will be able to speak of it in the easy language, and with the completeness of conviction, with which he talks of any ordinary every-day matter. If he does not, he will be afraid to wander beyond the limits of the technical phraseology which he has gotten up; and a dead dogmatism which oppresses or raises opposition will take the place of the lively confidence, born of personal conviction, which cheers and encourages the eminently sympathetic mind of childhood.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Sūb'tile, *acute*. De dūe'tjōns, *conclusions*. Tra dī'tjōn, *information transmitted orally*. Dā'tā, *facts*. 4. Ūl'ti māte, *final*. Ār'bi ters, *umpires*. 5. So līc'it oūs, *anxious*. 8. Pēd a gōg'ie, *belonging to a teacher*. 9. Tēeh'nīe al, *pertaining to the useful arts*. Phrā se ōl'o gý, *manner of expression*. Dōg'ma tīsm, *positiveness in opinion*.

NOTES.—3. *Battle of Ther mōp'y læ*, a battle fought between the Persians, under Xerxes, and the Greeks, under Leonidas the Spartan, about 480 B. C.

Crom'well. Oliver Cromwell, born in 1599, became ruler of England, under the name of Protector, after the death of Charles I. He died in 1658.

6.—A LOST CHORD.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, daughter of Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), the poet, was born in London, October 30, 1825. She published several volumes of poems, which were well received. Her style is marked by great tenderness of feeling and seriousness of thought. *A Legend of Bregenz* is one of her most popular poems. She died February 3, 1864. *A Lost Chord* has been arranged for the voice and piano by Arthur Sullivan.

1. SEATED one day at the organ,
 I was weary and ill at ease;
 And my fingers wandered idly
 Over the noisy keys.

2. I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then ;
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great " Amen !"
3. It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.
4. It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife ;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.
5. It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.
6. I have sought—but I seek it vainly—
That one lost chord divine
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.
7. It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again ;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand " Amen !"

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Chôrd*, a combination of harmonious tones.
4. *Har mō'ni oūs*, agreeing musically. *Dis êrd'ant*, not in harmony, harsh. 5. *Lōath*, unwilling.

7.—COUNT CANDESPINA'S STANDARD.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER was born in Philadelphia in 1823. He was educated at Princeton College, where he graduated in 1841. He has written a number of plays and poems, many of which are deservedly popular. During President Grant's administration he was appointed minister to Turkey, and was subsequently transferred to Russia.

1. SCARCE were the splintered lances dropped,
Scarce were the swords drawn out,
Ere recreant Lara, sick with fear,
Had wheeled his steed about.
2. His courser reared and plunged and neighed,
Loathing the fight to yield ;
But the coward spurred him to the bone,
And drove him from the field.
3. Gonzalez in his stirrups rose :
" Turn, turn, thou traitor knight !
Thou bold tongue in a lady's bower,
Thou dastard in a fight !"
4. But vainly valiant Gomez cried
Across the waning fray :
Pale Lara and his craven band
To Burgos scoured away.
5. " Now, by the God above me, sirs,
Better we all were dead
Than a single knight among ye all
Should ride where Lara led !
6. " Yet, ye who fear to follow me,
As yon traitor turn and fly ;
For I lead ye not to win a field :
I lead ye forth to die.

7. "Olea, plant my standard here,—
Here on this little mound;
Here raise the war-cry of thy house:
Make this our rallying-ground.
8. "Forget not, as thou hop'st for grace:
The last care I shall have
Will be to hear thy battle-cry
And see that standard wave."
9. Down on the ranks of Aragon
The bold Gonzalez drove,
And Olea raised his battle-cry
And waved the flag above.
10. Slowly Gonzalez' little band
Gave ground before the foe;
But not an inch of the field was won
Without a deadly blow;
11. And not an inch of the field was won
That did not draw a tear
From the widowed wives of Aragon
That fatal news to hear.
12. Backward and backward Gomez fought,
And high o'er the clashing steel,
Plainer and plainer, rose the cry,
"Olea for Castile!"
13. Backward fought Gomez step by step,
Till the cry was close at hand,—
Till his dauntless standard shadowed him;
And there he made his stand.

14. Mace, sword, and axe rang on his mail,
Yet he moved not where he stood,
Though each gaping joint of armor ran
A stream of purple blood.
15. As, pierced with countless wounds, he fell,
The standard caught his eye ;
And he smiled, like an infant hushed asleep,
To hear the battle-cry.
16. Now one by one the wearied knights
Have fallen or basely flown,
And on the mound where his post was fixed
Olea stood alone.
17. "Yield up thy banner, gallant knight !
Thy lord lies on the plain ;
Thy duty has been nobly done :
I would not see thee slain."
18. "Spare pity, King of Aragon !
I would not hear thee lie ;
My lord is looking down from heaven,
To see his standard fly."
19. "Yield, madman, yield ! Thy horse is down ;
Thou hast nor lance nor shield.
Fly ! I will grant thee time."—"This flag
Can neither fly nor yield !"
20. They girt the standard round about,
A wall of flashing steel ;
But still they heard the battle-cry :
"Olea for Castile !"

21. And there, against all Aragon,
 Full-armed with lance and brand,
 Olea fought until his sword
 Snapped in his sturdy hand.
22. Among the foe, with that high scorn
 Which laughs at earthly fears,
 He hurled the broken hilt, and drew
 His dagger on the spears.
23. They hewed the hauberk from his breast,
 The helmet from his head ;
 They hewed the hands from off his limbs :
 From every vein he bled.
24. Claspings the standard to his heart,
 He raised one dying peal,
 That rang as if a trumpet blew :
 " Olea for Castile !"

DEFINITIONS.—1. Rēc're ant, *cowardly*. 2. Ćōurs'er, *a swift or spirited horse*. 3. Dās'tard, *one who meanly shrinks from danger*. 4. Wān'ing, *decreasing*. Frāy, *combat*. Ćrā'ven, *cowardly with meanness*. Seoured, *passed swiftly*. 14. Māil, *defensive armor composed of steel rings or plates*. 21. Bränd, *sword*. 23. Hāu'berk, *a shirt of mail*.

NOTES.—The poem is descriptive of a battle between the forces of Aragon and Castile. The dastardly Count of Lā'rā fled at the first shock and joined the Queen of Castile at Būr'gōs, the capital, where she was anxiously awaiting the issue. But Gō'mez Gonzāl'ez, the brave Count of Candespī'na, stood his ground to the last, and died on the field of battle. His standard-bearer, a gentleman of the house of Olē'a, also perished in defense of his banner, as described in the poem.

9.—Ār'a gōn was an ancient kingdom of Spain, founded in 1034.

12.—Ćās tīle', a former kingdom of Spain, was united with Aragon in 1474 by the marriage of Ferdinand, King of Aragon, with Isabella, Queen of Castile.

8.—DR. ARNOLD AT RUGBY.

THOMAS HUGHES was born at Uffington, Berkshire, England, in 1823. He was educated at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, and entered Oriel College, Oxford, in 1841. He published *Tom Brown's School-Days* in 1856, and somewhat later *The Scouring of the White Horse* and *Tom Brown at Oxford*. He has also written some sermons, and a number of discourses on political economy. His style is clear, firm, and simple, and his *Tom Brown's School-Days* teems with humor, vivacity, power, and tenderness. His writings are full of a hearty, pure, and vigorous morality which cannot fail to impress his readers. The following extract is from *Tom Brown's School-Days*.

1. MORE worthy pens than mine have described that scene,—the oak pulpit standing out by itself, above the school seats; the tall gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice,—now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light-infantry bugle,—of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness and love and glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke; the long lines of young faces, rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy's who had just left his mother, to the young man's who was going out next week into the great world rejoicing in his strength.

2. It was a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of year, when the only lights in the chapel were in the pulpit and at the seats of the præpositors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.

3. But what was it, after all, which seized and held these three hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes on Sunday afternoons? True, there always were boys scattered up and down the school who in heart and head were

worthy to hear and able to carry away the deepest and wisest words there spoken. But these were a minority always,—generally a very small one; often so small a one as to be countable on the fingers of your hand.

4. What was it that moved and held us, the rest of the three hundred reckless, childish boys, who feared the doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in heaven or earth,—who thought more of our sets in school than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby and the public opinion of boys in our daily life above the laws of God?

5. We couldn't enter into half that we heard: we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts or the knowledge of one another, and little enough of the faith, hope, and love, needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (ay, and men, too, for the matter of that), to a man whom we felt to be with all his heart and soul and strength striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world.

6. It was not the cold, clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life,—that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field, ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death.

7. And he who roused this consciousness in them showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pul-

pit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought, and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain, too, for a boys' army,—one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood.

8. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there, but it was this thoroughness and undaunted courage which, more than anything else, won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him and then in his Master.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Præ pōs'tors*, *monitors*. 6. *Se rēne'*, *calm*. *Slūg'gard*, *a lazy person*. Or *dāined'*, *established*. 7. *Ēon'sciōus-ness*, *immediate knowledge*. *Truḡ*, *a temporary cessation of hostilities*.

NOTE.—Dr. Arnold was the head-master of the celebrated school at Rugby, founded in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Rugby is a small town in the county of Warwick, England, about eighty miles from London.

9. —THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER was born in 1823. She is the wife of the Bishop of Derry (Londonderry), Ireland. She has written two volumes of poetry, and a number of hymns. The poem which follows is her finest production.

1. By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave.
 And no man dug that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er;
 For the angels of God upturned the sod
 And laid the dead man there.

2. That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun ;
3. Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.
4. Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot ;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.
5. But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,

And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

6. Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

7. This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This, the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

8. And had he not high honor ?
The hill-side for a pall ;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall ;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave ;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—

- 9 In that strange grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought !—
Before the judgment-day,

And stand with glory wrapped around
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life,
 With the incarnate Son of God.

10. O lonely grave in Moab's land !
 O dark Beth-peor's hill !
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath His mysteries of grace,—
 Ways that we cannot tell ;
 He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

DEFINITIONS.—4. *Ey'rie*, the place where birds of prey build their nests. *Stalk'ing*, approaching by stealth. 6. *Sāge*, a wise man. *Bārd*, a poet. *Min'ster*, the church of a monastery. *Trān'sept*, any part of a church that projects at right angles to the body. *Em blā'-zoned*, decorated. 7. *Sāge*, wise. 8. *Pall*, a covering for the dead. 9. *In cār'nate*, invested with flesh.

NOTES.—*The Burial of Moses* : "And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Deuteronomy xxxiv. 6.

1. Mount Nē'bo is situated in the plains of Mō'ab, east of where the Jôr'dan River flows into the Dead Sea.

4. Bēth-pē'or is designated as one of the last halting-places of the children of Israel in their journeyings toward Palestine. The author of the poem speaks of it as a mountain or height of land.

10.—THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, England, in 1823. He graduated from Trinity College, Oxford. He occupies a prominent place in the modern school of English historians. Among his principal works are *The History and Conquest of the Saracens*, *The History of Federal Government*, and *The History of the Norman Conquest of England*.

1. KING HAROLD had risen early, and had put his men in order. On the slope of the hill, just in the face of

William's army as it came from Hastings, he planted the two ensigns which were always set up in an English royal army, and between which the king had his royal post. The one was the Golden Dragon,—the old ensign of Wessex; the other was the Standard, which seems to have been the king's own device. King Harold's standard was a great flag richly adorned with precious stones and with the figure of a fighting-man wrought upon it in gold. . . .

2. And now began the great battle of Senlac, or Hastings. The Norman archers let fly their arrows against the English; then the heavy-armed foot were to come up; and lastly the horsemen. They hoped, of course, that the shower of arrows would kill many of the English and put the rest into confusion, and that the heavy-armed foot would then be able to break down the barricades, so that the horsemen might ride up the hill. . . .

3. They tried very hard—first the foot, and then the horse—to break down the barricade; but it was all in vain. The English hurled their javelins at them as they were drawing near; and when they came near enough, they cut them down with their axes. The Norman writers themselves tell us how dreadful the fight was, and how the English axe, in the hand of King Harold or of any other strong man, cut down the horse and his rider with a single blow.

4. Duke William and his army tried, and tried again, to get up the hill; but it was all in vain. Our men did not swerve an inch, and they cut down every Frenchman who came near, King Harold himself and his brothers fighting among the foremost. Soon the French lines began to waver; the Bretons, on the right, turned and fled; and soon the Normans themselves followed. The English were now sorely tempted to break their lines and

pursue, which was just what King Harold had told them not to do. Some of them, seemingly the troops in the rear, when the Bretons had first given way, were foolish enough to disobey the king's orders, and to follow their flying enemies down into the plain.

5. It seemed as if the French were utterly beaten, and a cry was raised that Duke William himself was dead. So, just as our king Edmund had done at Shenstone, he tore off his helmet, that men might see that he was alive, and cried out, "I live, and, by God's help, I will conquer!" Then he and his brother the bishop contrived to bring their men together again. They turned again to the fight. Those who were pursued by the English cut their pursuers in pieces, and another assault on the hill began.

6. Duke William this time had somewhat better luck. He got so near to the barricade just before the Standard that Earl Gyrth—who, we know, fought near his brother the king—was able to hurl a spear directly at him. It missed the duke, but his horse was killed and fell under him, as two others did before the day was out. Duke William then pressed on on foot, and met Gyrth face to face and slew him with his own hand. Earl Leofwine too was killed about the same time, and Roger of Montgomery and his Frenchmen on the right contrived to break down part of the barricade on that side.

7. So this second attack was by no means so unsuccessful as the first. The two earls were killed, and the barricade was beginning to give way. Still, Duke William saw that he could never win the battle by making his horsemen charge up the hill in the teeth of the English axes: he saw that his only chance was to tempt the English to break their shield-wall and come down into the plain; so he tried a very daring and dangerous trick. He had seen

the advantage which, by his good generalship, he had contrived to gain out of the real flight of his men a little time before ; so he ordered his troops to pretend flight, and, if the English followed, to turn upon them.

8. And so it was. The whole French army seemed to be fleeing a second time ; so a great many of the English ran down the hill to chase them. As far as I can make out, it was only the light-armed—the troops on the right—who did this ; I do not think that any of King Harold's own house-carles left their ranks. But presently the Normans turned, and now the English had to fly. Those who had made this great mistake did their best to make up for it. Some managed to seize a little hill which rose in front of the English position, and thence they hurled down javelins and stones on those who attacked them ; and thus they completely cut off a party who were sent against them.

9. Others who knew the ground well led the Frenchmen, who chased them to a place near the isthmus where the ground is very rough, and where there is a little narrow cleft with steep sides all covered with bushes and low trees. So the Normans came riding on, and their horses came tumbling head over heels into the trap which was thus ready for them ; and the English who were flying now turned round and killed the riders.

10. All this was bravely done ; but it could not recover the battle, now that King Harold's wise orders had once been disobeyed. The English line was broken ; the hill was defenseless at many points ; so the Normans could ride up, and the battle was now fought on the hill. The fight was by no means over yet ; the English had lost their great advantage of the ground, but King Harold and all his mighty men were still there ; so they still formed their shield-wall and fought with their great axes. Luck had

no doubt turned against the English ; still, they were by no means beaten yet, and it is by no means clear that they would have been beaten at all if King Harold had only lived till nightfall.

11. Here, as always in these times, everything depended on one man. Harold still lived and fought by his Standard, and it was against that point that all the devices of the Normans were now aimed. The Norman archers had begun the fight, and the Norman archers were now to end it. Duke William now bade them shoot up into the air, that the arrows might fall like bolts from heaven. This device proved the most successful of all. Some men were pierced right through their helmets ; others had their eyes put out ; others lifted up their shields to guard their heads, and so could not wield their axes so well as before.

12. King Harold still stood with his axe in his hand and his shield pierced with several arrows. But now the hour of our great king was come. Every foe who had come near him had felt the might of that terrible axe, but his axe could not guard against this awful shower of arrows. One shaft, falling, as I said, from heaven, pierced his right eye. He clutched at it and broke off the shaft ; his axe dropped from his hand, and he fell, all disabled by pain, in his own place as king, between the two royal ensigns.

13. Twenty Norman knights swore to take the Standard, now that the king no longer defended it. They rushed on ; most of them were killed by the English who still fought around their wounded king ; but those who escaped succeeded in beating down the Standard of the Fighting Man and in bearing off the Golden Dragon. That ancient ensign, which had shone over so many battle-fields, was never again carried before a true English king.

3. The pastor came ; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose ; the prayer was strong ;
The psalm was warrior David's song ;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right ;"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,—
Of sacred rights to be secured ;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spoke
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.
4. Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir,
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.
5. A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor ! cease !
God's temple is the house of peace !"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so !

When God is with our righteous cause,
 His holiest places then are ours ;
 His temples are our forts and towers,
 That frown upon the tyrant foe.
 In this the dawn of Freedom's day
 There is a time to fight and pray."

6. And now, before the open door,—
 The warrior-priest had ordered so,—
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow,
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty Death must wake and hear.
7. And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life ;
 While overhead, with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before :
 It seemed as it would never cease ;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was, "WAR! WAR! WAR!"
8. "Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry
 As striding from the desk he came—
 "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die?"
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered, "I!"

DEFINITIONS.—1. Măn'or, a landed estate. 3. Thême, subject of discourse. Nêrv'ous, strong, vigorous. 4. Gûise, dress. 6. Re-vêr'ber ât îng, echoing. 7. Jû'bi lant, rejoicing.

NOTE.—6. *Warrior-priest*. The incident here referred to is mentioned by Lossing in his sketch of the life of General Muhlenberg, who, after his farewell sermon, laid aside his sacerdotal gown and stood before his congregation in the full regimental dress of a Virginia colonel.

12.—OGG, THE SON OF BEORL.

MARIAN C. EVANS, an English novelist, was born in the North of England, November 22, 1820. She published, under the name of "George Eliot," many popular novels, among which are *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Romola*, *Middlemarch*, *Felix Holt*, and *Daniel Deronda*. She was married a short time before her death to John Walter Cross. She died in 1881. Many critics consider George Eliot the foremost of English novel-writers. The following extract is from *The Mill on the Floss*.

1. WE must enter the town of St. Ogg's,—that venerable town with the red fluted roofs and the broad warehouse gables where the black ships unlade themselves of their burdens from the far North. It is one of those old, old towns which impress one as a continuation and outgrowth of nature, as much as the nests of the bower-birds or the winding galleries of the white ants,—a town which carries the traces of its long growth and history like a millennial tree, and has sprung up and developed in the same spot, between the river and the low hill, from the time when the Roman legions turned their backs on it from the camp on the hill-side, and the long-haired sea-kings came up the river and looked with fierce, eager eyes at the fatness of the land.

2. It is a town "familiar with forgotten years." The shadow of the Saxon hero-king still walks there fitfully, reviewing the scenes of his youth and love-time, and is met by the gloomier shadow of the dreadful heathen Dane who was stabbed in the midst of his warriors by the sword of an invisible avenger, and who rises on autumn evenings, like a white mist, from the tumulus on the hill, and hovers in the court of the old hall by the river-side,—the spot

where he was thus miraculously slain in the days before the old hall was built.

3. It was the Normans who began to build that fine old hall, which is like the town, telling of the thoughts and hands of widely sundered generations; but it is all so old that we look with loving pardon at its inconsistencies, and are well content that they who built the stone oriel, and they who built the Gothic façade and towers of finest small brickwork with the trefoil ornament, and the windows and battlements defined with stone, did not sacrilegiously pull down the ancient half-timbered body with its oak-roofed banquetting-hall.

4. But older even than this old hall is perhaps the bit of wall now built into the belfry of the parish church, and said to be a remnant of the original chapel dedicated to St. Ogg, the patron saint of this ancient town, of whose history I possess several manuscript versions. I incline to the briefest; since, if it should not be wholly true, it is at least likely to contain the least falsehood.

5. "Ogg, the son of Beorl," says my private hagiographer, "was a boatman who gained a scanty living by ferrying passengers across the river Floss. And it came to pass, one evening when the winds were high, that there sat moaning by the brink of the river a woman with a child in her arms; and she was clad in rags, and had a worn and withered look, and she craved to be rowed across the river. And the men thereabout questioned her, and said, 'Wherefore dost thou desire to cross the river? Tarry till the morning, and take shelter here for the night: so shalt thou be wise, and not foolish.' Still she went on to mourn and crave.

6. "But Ogg, the son of Beorl, came up, and said, 'I will ferry thee across; it is enough that thy heart needs it.'

And he ferried her across. And it came to pass, when she stepped ashore, that her rags were turned into robes of flowing white and her face became bright with exceeding beauty; and there was a glory around it, so that she shed a light on the water like the moon in its brightness.

7. "And she said, 'Ogg, the son of Beorl, thou art blessed in that thou didst not question and wrangle with the heart's need, but wast smitten with pity and didst straightway relieve the same. And from henceforth whoso steps into thy boat shall be in no peril from the storm; and whenever it puts forth to the rescue, it shall save the lives of both men and beasts.' And when the floods came, many were saved by reason of that blessing on the boat.

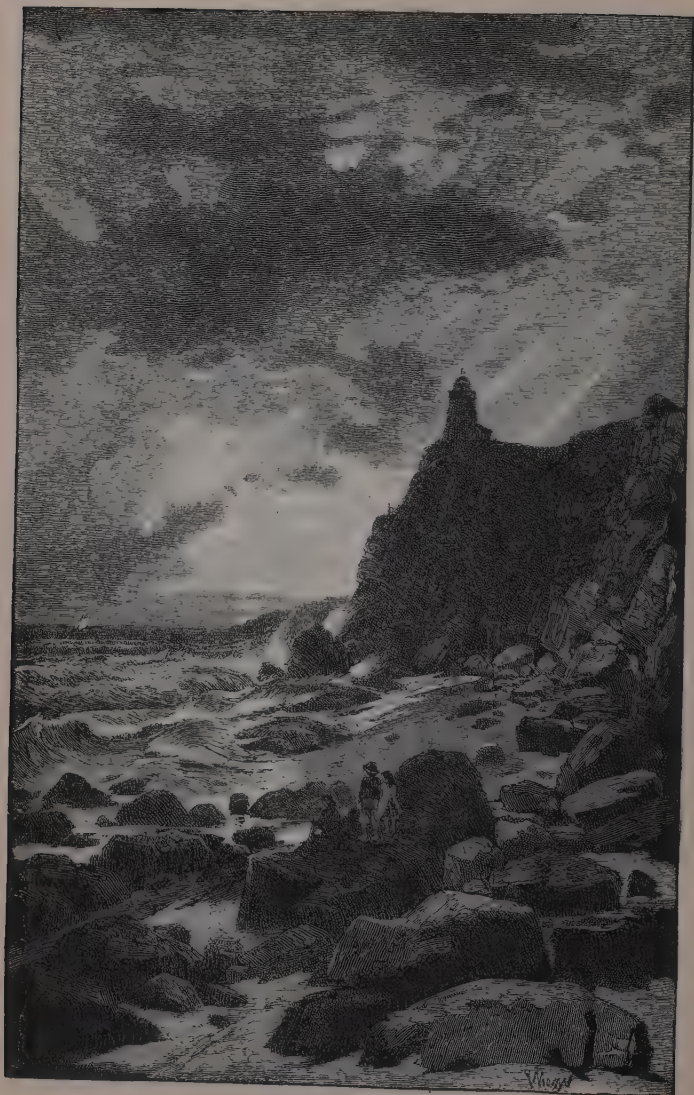
8. "But when Ogg, the son of Beorl, died, behold! in the parting of his soul the boat loosed itself from its moorings and was floated with the ebbing tide in great swiftness to the ocean, and was seen no more. Yet it was witnessed, in the floods of the aftertime, that at the coming on of eventide Ogg, the son of Beorl, was always seen with his boat upon the wide-spreading waters, and the Blessed Lady sat in the prow, shedding a light around as of the moon in its brightness; so that the rowers in the gathering darkness took heart and pulled anew."

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Mil lēn'ni al*, pertaining to a thousand years. 2. *Tū'mū lūs*, an ancient burial-mound. 3. *Īn eon sist'en ċiēs*, want of uniformity. *Ō'ri el*, a large bay or recessed window. *Fa ċāde'*, front. *Trē'foil*, an ornament with three projecting points in a circle, resembling a three-leaved clover. *Bāt'tle ment*, a notched or indented wall or parapet. *Sāe ri lē'giōūs ly*, in violation of sacred things. 5. *Hā ġi ōġ'ra pher*, a sacred writer.

13.—SONG OF THE RIVER.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, an English clergyman, poet, and novelist, was born at Holne Vicarage, Dartmoor, Devon, England, June 12, 1819. He took his degree at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1842. In the same year he was ordained curate of Eversley, in Hampshire, and this was his home for thirty-three years. In 1848 he published his first volume, *A Saint's Tragedy*. In 1860 he was appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. He was afterward appointed a canon at Westminster. As a novelist, his chief power lay in his descriptive faculties. The descriptions of South American scenery in *Westward Ho!* of the Egyptian desert in *Hyppatia*, and of the scenery in North Devon in *Two Years Ago*, are among the most brilliant specimens of word-painting in the language. He died January 24, 1875.

1. CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming wear;
Under the crag where the ousel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefined for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.
2. Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow.
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.
3. Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,



THE THREE FISHERS.

(Page 63.)

As I lose myself in the infinite main,
 Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again,
 Undeiled for the undeiled ;
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Shīn'gle, *round, water-worn, and loose pebbles and gravel.* Wēar, *a dam in a river, to stop and raise the water.* Qu'sel, *a bird of the thrush family.* 2. Dānk, *damp.* Mûrk'y, *dark ; gloomy.* Ėowl, *a covering for the head.*

14.—THE THREE FISHERS.

1. THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,—
 Out into the west, as the sun went down ;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town ;
 For men must work, and women must weep ;
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor-bar be moaning.
2. Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown ;
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbor-bar be moaning.
3. Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping, and wringing their hands,
 For those who will never come home to the town ;
 For men must work, and women must weep,—
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,—
 And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

15.—TROPICAL SCENERY.

THE MANGROVE-FOREST.

1. THEY towed the ship up about half a mile, to a point where she could not be seen from the seaward, and there moored her to the mangrove-stems. Amyas ordered a boat out, and went up the river himself to reconnoitre. He rowed some three miles, till the river narrowed suddenly, and was all but covered in by the interlacing boughs of mighty trees. There was no sign that man had been there since the making of the world.

2. The night-mist began to steam and wreathe upon the foul, beer-colored stream. The loathly floor of liquid mud lay bare beneath the mangrove-forest. Upon the endless web of interarching roots great purple crabs were crawling up and down. They would have supped with pleasure upon Amyas's corpse; perhaps they might sup on him, after all, for a heavy, sickening, grave-yard smell made his heart sink within him; and his weary body, and more weary soul, gave themselves up helplessly to the depressing influence of that doleful place.

3. The black bank of dingy leathern leaves above his head, the endless labyrinth of stems and withes (for every bough had lowered its own living cord to take fresh hold of the foul soil below), the web of roots, which stretched away inland till it was lost in the shades of evening,—all seemed one horrid complicated trap for him and his; and even where, here and there, he passed the mouth of a lagoon, there was no opening, no relief,—nothing but the dark ring of mangroves, and here and there an isolated group of large and small, parents and children, breeding and spreading, as if in hideous haste to choke out air and sky,

4. Wailing sadly, sad-colored mangrove-hens ran off across the mud into the dreary dark. The hoarse night-raven, hid among the roots, startled the voyagers with a sudden shout; and then all was again silent as a grave. The loathly alligators, lounging in the slime, lifted their horny eyelids lazily and leered upon him, as he passed, with stupid savageness. Lines of tall herons stood dimly in the growing gloom, like white fantastic ghosts watching the passage of the doomed boat.

5. All was foul, sullen, weird as witches' dream. If Amyas had seen a crew of skeletons glide down the stream behind him, with Satan standing at the helm, he would have scarcely been surprised. What fitter craft could haunt that Stygian flood? That night every man of the boat's crew, save Amyas, was down with raging fever.

THE BANKS OF THE META.

6. On the further side of a little lawn the stream leapt through a chasm beneath overarching vines, sprinkling eternal freshness upon all around, and then sank foaming into a clear rock-basin,—a bath for Dian's self. On its further side the crag rose some twenty feet in height, bank upon bank of feathered ferns and cushioned moss, over the rich green beds of which drooped a thousand orchids, scarlet, white, and orange, and made the still pool gorgeous with the reflection of their gorgeousness.

7. At its more quiet outfall it was half hidden in huge fantastic leaves and tall flowering stems, but near the waterfall the grassy bank sloped down toward the stream; and there, on palm-leaves strewed upon the turf, beneath the shadow of the crags, lay the two men whom Amyas sought, and whom, now he had found them, he had hardly heart to wake from their delicious dream.

8. For what a nest it was which they had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves; while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth or the deep toll of the belibird came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need? And what which the palate could need, either? For, on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge wild plantains bent beneath their load of fruit.

9. There, on the stream-bank, lay the two renegades from civilized life. They had cast away their clothes and painted themselves like the Indians with arnotto and indigo. One lay lazily picking up the fruit which fell close to his side; the other sat, his back against a cushion of soft moss, his hands folded languidly upon his lap, giving himself up to the soft influence of the narcotic coca-juice, with half-shut dreamy eyes fixed on the everlasting sparkle of the waterfall,

“While beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Did pass into his face.”

CHARLES KINGSLEY (from *Westward Ho*).

DEFINITIONS.—1. Rēe on noi'tre, *to make a preliminary survey*. 3. Lăb'y rīnth, *an involved mass*. Wīthes, *slender twigs*. La gōōn', *a shallow pond into which the sea flows*. Īs'o lāt ed, *detached*. 4. Lēered, *looked obliquely*. Fan tās'tie, *fanciful*. 5. Wēird, *unearthly*. Stȳġ'i an, *infernal*. 6. Dī'an, *an abbreviation of "Dī ā'nà," the name of the goddess of hunting*. Ôr'chids, *plants belonging to the same family as the lady's-slipper*. Gôr'geōūs ness, *splendor*. 8. Ćōl'-i brīs, *humming-birds*. 9. Rēn'e gādes, *deserters*. Ar nōt'to, *a yellowish-red dyeing-material*. Nar eōt'ic, *producing sleep*. Ćō'èà, *the dried leaf of a narcotic plant*.

16.—BOOKS.

JOHN RUSKIN was born in London in 1819. He studied at Christ's Church, Oxford, and took his degree in 1842. He is the most eloquent of all writers upon Art. The first volume of his *Modern Painters* appeared in 1843; the fifth, and last, in 1860. In 1849 appeared his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and in 1851-1853 *The Stones of Venice*. He has published a large number of lectures on scientific subjects, and is the author of a great variety of review articles. In 1869 he was elected Slade Professor of Art at Oxford. The extract is from *Sesame and Lilies*.

1. ALL books are divisible into two classes,—the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction: it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

2. The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones,—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person, whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history,—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them.

3. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers

in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful or necessary to-day : whether worth keeping or not is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast-time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read."

4. A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing, and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once : if he could, he would ; the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India : if you could, you would ; you write instead : that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it ; so far as he knows, no one else can say it.

5. He is bound to say it,—clearly and melodiously if he may ; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him,—this the piece of true knowledge or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever,—engrave it on rock if he could, saying, "This is the best of me ; for the rest, I ate and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another : my life was as the vapor, and is not ; but this I saw and

knew ; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing ;" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

DEFINITIONS.—2. Pa thēt'ic, *pitiful*. Shār ae ter is'tie, *that which distinguishes a person or thing from another*. 3. Aş sur'ed ly, *certainly, without doubt*. 4. Es sēn'tjal ly, *in effect*. 5. Mǎn'i fest, *clear to the understanding*. Fǎin, *gladly*.

17.—THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 2, 1819. He was educated at Harvard University. His first work, *A Year's Life*, was published in 1841; the *Legend of Brittany* in 1844. He has since written several volumes of poetry, also the *Biglow Papers*. His prose works display a rare power of wit and humor; his poems abound in deep feeling, are thoroughly original, and are full of striking and beautiful descriptions of natural scenery. He is now (1883) minister to England.

1. THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.
2. Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.
3. From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow ;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down ;
And still fluttered down the snow.
4. I stood and watched, by the window,
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds
Like brown leaves whirling by.

5. I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood,—
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.
6. Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father,
Who cares for us all below.
7. Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.
8. I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.
9. And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,—
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."
10. Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Ĝlōam'ing*, *twilight*. 4. *Flūr'ries*, *hurryings*.

NOTES.—3. *Ĉar rā'rā* is a beautiful statuary marble brought from the town of the same name in Italy. *Ĉānt'i elēer* is so called from the clearness and loudness of his voice in crowing.

5. *Au'burn* is the name of a beautiful cemetery near Boston.

18.—HUMAN CALORIC.

GEORGE WILSON was born in Scotland in 1818. He was a noted physician, lecturer, and chemist, and achieved a reputation as a writer for the magazines. The extract is adapted from an article published in the *Eclectic Review*, July, 1859. He died in 1860.

1. WE are all living stoves,—walking fireplaces,—furnaces in the flesh. Now, we do not intend to say that any one can light a cigar or boil an egg, or even ignite a match, at these human hearths; still, we repeat, these bodies of ours are stoves,—fireplaces,—furnaces, if these terms can be applied to any apparatus for the express production of caloric. Let the reader try a simple experiment. Insert the bulb of a thermometer in the mouth, and the mercury will rise rapidly until it indicates a temperature of about 98° . There it will remain, with little or no variation however long he may devote himself to this scientific inquiry.

2. Meanwhile, the air around may be as cool as you will. Suppose it to be the month of January, when winter is supposed to be reigning in full vigor and every inanimate object appears to have been drained of its caloric; still the human structure will exhibit a surplus of 66° above the freezing-point. Why is this? How does it happen that, whilst a bronze statue fluctuates in its temperature with every passing breeze, the living organism maintains its standard heat unimpaired, and preserves a tropical climate within though the air should be full of frost and the ground enveloped in snow? It is manifest that we must have some power of “brewing” caloric for ourselves.

3. Now, what is the philosophy of an ordinary fireplace? The oxygen of the atmosphere combines with the carbon and hydrogen of the coal, producing in the one case

carbonic acid, in the other water or vapor; and this is done with so much chemical fuss that heat and flame are largely evolved. But we must not imagine that a great display of light and a lavish discharge of caloric are essential to the operation, any more than an immense "spread and splutter" is necessary to constitute a man a genius. The burning of a candle may seem to be a very different thing from the decay of a bit of wood; but, in truth, the latter is little else than a mild but dilatory species of combustion.

4. Just so in the body. Carbon and hydrogen are perpetually uniting with oxygen. The latter gas, inhaled with every breath, is brought into constant contact with the former elements; and if their combustion is attended with calorific results in the open air, why should not similar demonstrations accompany their union in the human interior, as far as circumstances will permit?

5. Granting that our bodies are veritable stoves, the reader will desire to know where we procure our fuel. Fortunately, our coal and firewood are stored up in a very interesting form. They are laid before us in the shape of bread and butter, puddings and pies; rashers of bacon for the laborer, and haunches of venison or turtle-soup for the epicure. Instead of being brought up in scuttles, they are presented in tureens, dishes, or tumblers, or all of them, in pleasant succession.

6. All food must contain two species of elements, if it is to do its duty effectually. There must be a portion which is available for the repair of the frame, which will remake it as fast as it is unmade. But there must also be a certain quantity of matter which will combine with oxygen, in order that it may undergo combustion. For one pound of simply restorative provender, an energetic

man requires four of digestible fuel. The ultimate form in which this fuel is burnt is that of carbon, hydrogen, and sulphur; but we swallow it in the shape of fat, starch, sugar, alcohol, and other less inflammatory compounds. By far the most incendiary of these substances is fat: ten pounds of this material, imported into your stove, will do as much work—that is, will produce as much warmth—as twenty-four pounds of starch, twenty-five of sugar, or even twenty-six of spirits.

7. But it is a pleasant thing to observe how sagaciously the instinct of man has fastened upon the articles which will best supply him with the species of fuel he requires. The Esquimaux, for example, is extremely partial to oily fare. He does not know why: he never heard of the doctrine of animal heat; but he feels intuitively that bears' grease and blubber are the things for him. Condemn him to live on potatoes or maize, and the poor fellow would resent the cruelty as much as a London alderman of the old school if sentenced to subsist on water-gruel alone.

8. And the savage would be perfectly right. Exposed as he is to the fierce cold of a Northern sky, every object around him plundering him of his caloric incessantly, what he needs is plenty of unctuous food, because from this he can generate the greatest quantity of heat. On the other hand, the native of the tropics—equally ignorant of animal chemistry—eschews the fiery diet which his climate renders inappropriate, and keeps himself cool on rice or dates or watery fruits.

9. Hence we see the reason why a very stout man, if deprived of food, can keep up his corporeal fires for a longer time than a slender one. Human fat constitutes a hoard of combustible material upon which the owner may draw whenever his ordinary supplies are intercepted.

Let all plump persons, therefore, rejoice. We offer them our hearty—perhaps somewhat envious—congratulations. They, at any rate, are prepared to stand a long siege from cold.

10. For the same reason, animals which hibernate—like the bear, jerboa, marmot, dormouse, bat, and others—generally grow plump before they retire into winter-quarters. Upon this capital of corpulence they subsist during their lethargy, the respiration being lessened, the pulse reduced to a few beats per minute, and the temperature lowered to perhaps 30° or 40° . But when the season of torpor terminates, they issue from their caves and burrows meager and ravenous, having burnt up their stock of fuel, Bruin himself appearing to be anxious to defraud the perfumers of the unguent which is so precious in their eyes.

11. But perhaps the most striking feature in this warmth-producing apparatus within us is the self-regulating power which it possesses. The fires on our domestic hearths decline at one moment and augment at another. Sometimes the mistress of the house threatens to faint on account of excessive heat; sometimes the master endeavors to improve the temperature by a passionate use of the poker. Were such irregularities to prevail unchecked in our fleshly stoves, we should suffer considerable annoyance. After a meal of very inflammatory materials, or an hour spent in extraordinary exertions, the gush of caloric might throw the system into a state of high fever. How is this prevented?

12. In some of our artificial stoves, little doors or slides are employed to control the admission of air; in furnaces connected with steam-engines, we may have dampers which will accomplish the same purpose by the ingenious work-

ings of the machine itself; but neither doors nor dampers, pokers nor stokers, can be employed in the bodily apparatus. If, on the one hand, our human fires should begin to flag from undue expenditure of heat, the appetite speaks out sharply and compels the owner to look round for fuel. Hunger rings the bell, and orders up coal in the shape of savory meats. Should the summons be neglected, the garnered fat, as we have seen, is thrown into the grate, to keep the furnace in play.

13. If, on the other hand, the heat of the body should become unreasonably intense, a very cunning process of reduction is adopted. When a substance grows too hot, the simplest method of bringing it into a cooler frame is to sprinkle it with water, the conversion of fluid into vapor involving the consumption of a large amount of caloric. This is precisely what occurs in our human organisms; for no sooner does the temperature of the body rise above its standard height than each little perspiratory pipe (of which there are said to be several millions) discharges its stream of moisture as if it were the hose of a fire-engine: so that the skin is speedily sluiced and further incendiary proceedings are arrested.

14. The human body, then, is an apparatus which, as if by magic, produces a steady stream of heat,—not trickling penuriously from its fountains, but flowing on, day and night, winter and summer, without a moment's cessation, from January to December. Carry this splendid machine to the coldest regions of the globe; set it up in a scene where the frosts are so crushing that Nature seems to be trampled dead; still it pours out its mysterious supplies with unabated profusion. It is an apparatus, too, which does its work unwatched and, in a great measure, unaided. The very fuel which is thrown into it in random

heaps is internally sifted and sorted, so that the true combustible elements are conveyed to their place and applied to their duty with unerring precision.

15. No hand is needed to trim its fires, to temper its glow, to remove its ashes. Smoke there is none; spark there is none; flame there is none. All is so delicately managed that the fairest skin is neither shriveled nor blackened by the burnings within. Is this apparatus placed in circumstances which rob it too fast of its caloric? Then the appetite becomes clamorous for food, and in satisfying its demands the fleshly stove is silently replenished. Or are we placed in peril from superabundant warmth? Then the tiny flood-gates of perspiration are flung open, and the surface is laid under water until the fires within are reduced to their wonted level.

16. Thus protected, thus provisioned, let us ask whether these human hearths are not entitled to rank amongst the standing marvels of creation; for is it not startling to find that, let the climate be mild or rigorous, let the wind blow from the sultry desert or come loaded with polar sleet, let the fluctuations of temperature be as violent as they may without us, there shall still be a calm, unchanging, undying summer within us?

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ēa lōr'ie, *heat*. 2. Flūet'ū ātes, *varies*. Ōr'-gan īsm, *a being endowed with organs*. 3. E vōlved', *thrown out*. Ćom būst'jōn, *burning*. 4. Ēāl o rīf'ie, *heating*. 5. Ēp'i ēūre, *one who is devoted to the pleasures of the table*. 7. In tū'i tīve ly, *without reasoning*. 8. Ūnet'ū oūs, *oily*. Ġēn'er āte, *to produce*. Es-chews', *avoids*. 9. Ćor pō're al, *bodily*. 10. Hī'ber nāte, *to pass the winter in seclusion*. Lēth'ar ġy, *continued or profound sleep*. Un'-guent (ūn'ģwent), *ointment*. 12. Stōk'erz, *those employed to tend furnaces*. Ġār'nered, *stored*. 13. Slū'ģed, *wet thoroughly*. 14. Pen-ū'ri oūs ly, *with scanty supply*. 15. Wōnt'ed, *customary*. 16. Rīģ'-or oūs, *severe; harsh*.

19.—THE DISMOUNTING OF “LONG TOM.”

CHARLES READE was born in England in 1814, and was educated at Oxford, where he graduated with honors. He ranks among the most popular of the English novelists. His usual custom was to attack some existing abuse, political, social, or moral, as in *Never Too Late to Mend*, *Put Yourself in His Place*, and *White Lies*, from the latter of which the extract is taken. He was also the author of a number of dramas. His novels show the intellectual vigor of the writer, as well as his eccentricities. He delights in bright lights and heavy shadows, and his books are of absorbing interest. He died April 11, 1884.

1. COLONEL DUJARDIN explained at full length why he could not bring a gun in the battery to silence “Long Tom,” and quietly asked to be permitted to run a gun out of the trenches and take a shot at the offender: “It is a point-blank distance, and I have a new gun, with which a man ought to be able to hit any mark at three hundred yards.”

2. The commander hesitated: “I cannot have the men exposed.”—“I engage not to lose a man except—except him who fires the gun. *He* must take his chance.”—“Well, colonel, it must be done by volunteers. The men must not be ordered out on such service as that.” Colonel Dujardin bowed and retired.

3. “Volunteers to go out into the trenches!” cried Sergeant La Croix, in a stentorian voice, standing erect as a poker and swelling with importance. There were fifty offers in less than as many seconds. “Only twelve allowed to go,” said the sergeant; “and I am one,” added he, adroitly inserting himself.

4. A gun was taken down, placed on a carriage, and posted near Death’s Alley, but out of the line of fire. The colonel himself superintended the loading of this gun, and, to the surprise of the men, had the shot weighed first, and then weighed out the powder himself.

5. He then waited quietly a long time, till the bastion pitched one of its periodical shots into Death's Alley ; but no sooner had the shot struck, and sent the sand flying past the two lanes of curious noses, than Colonel Dujardin jumped upon the gun and waved his cocked hat. At this preconcerted signal his battery opened fire on the bastion, and the battery on his right opened on the wall that fronted them ; and the colonel gave the word to run the gun out of the trenches.

6. They ran it out into the cloud of smoke their own guns were belching forth, unseen by the enemy ; but they had no sooner twisted it into the line of Long Tom than the smoke was gone, and there they were, a fair mark. "Back into the trenches, all but one !" roared Dujardin ; and in they ran like rabbits. "Quick ! the elevation !" Colonel Dujardin and La Croix raised the muzzle to the mark. Hoo ! hoo ! hoo ! ping ! ping ! ping ! came the bullets about their ears. "Away with you !" cried the colonel, taking the linstock from him.

7. Then Colonel Dujardin, fifteen yards from the trenches, in full blazing uniform, showed two armies what one intrepid soldier can do. He kneeled down and adjusted his gun just as he would have done in a practicing-ground. He had a pot-shot to take ; and a pot-shot he would take. He ignored the three hundred muskets that were leveled at him. He looked along his gun, adjusted it, and re-adjusted to a hair's-breadth. The enemy's bullets pattered over it ; and still he adjusted and re-adjusted. His men were groaning and tearing their hair inside at his danger.

8. At last it was leveled to his mind, and then his movements were as quick as they had hitherto been slow. In a moment he stood erect, in the half-fencing attitude of a gunner and his linstock at the touch-hole. A huge

tongue of flame, a volume of smoke, a roar, and the iron thunderbolt was on its way, and the colonel walked haughtily but rapidly back to the trenches; for in all this there was no bravado. He was there to make a shot, not to throw a chance of life away watching the effect.

9. Ten thousand eyes did that for him. Both French and Prussians risked their lives craning out to see what a colonel in full uniform was doing under fire from a whole line of forts, and what would be his fate; but when he fired the gun, their curiosity left the man and followed the iron thunderbolt.

10. For two seconds all was uncertain: the ball was traveling. Tom gave a rear like a wild horse; his protruding muzzle went up sky-high, then was seen no more; and a ring of old iron and a clatter of fragments was heard on the top of the bastion. Long Tom was dismounted.

11. Oh, the roar of laughter and triumph from one end to another of the trenches, and the clapping of forty thousand hands, that went on for full five minutes! Then the Prussians—either through a burst of generous praise for an act so chivalrous and so brilliant, or because they would not be crowed over—clapped their ten thousand hands as loudly, and thundering, heart-thrilling salvo of applause answered salvo on both sides of that terrible arena.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Point-blānk', *permitting a direct shot*. 3. Sten-tō'ri an, *extremely loud*. A droit'ly, *skillfully*. 5. Bāst'jōn, *part of the main inclosure of a fortification which projects toward the exterior*. Prē eon ċert'ed, *settled beforehand*. 6. Līn'stōek, *a forked staff used for firing cannon*. 7. Iġ nōred', *disregarded*. 8. Bra vā'do, *boasting*. 9. Ērān'īng, *stretching out*. 10. Pro truđ'īng, *being thrust out*. 11. Ćhīv'al roūs, *gallant*. Sāl'vō, *volley*. A rē'nā, *a place of contest*.

20.—THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN was born in Edinburgh in 1813. He received a university education, and for several years was Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. His first work was *The Life and Times of Richard I.* He afterward wrote a volume of poems, several stories, and one or two tragedies, besides contributing for many years to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His poems possess the simplicity of ballads, combined with a vividness of narration that makes some of them almost equal to Scott's. A vein of pleasantry that runs through many of his tales has gained for him the reputation of a humorist. He died August 4, 1865. The following extract is from the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*.

1. COME hither, Evan Cameron ! Come, stand beside my knee.

I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea ;
There's shouting on the mountain-side, there's war with-
in the blast ;
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past ;
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of
night.

2. 'Twas I that led the Highland host through wild Loch-
aber's snows

What time the plaided clans came down to battle with
Montrose :
I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad
claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's
shore ;
I've told thee how we swept Dundee and tamed the
Lindsays' pride ;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis
died.

3. A traitor sold him to his foes. O deed of deathless shame !

I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name,—

Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by arméd men,—

Face him as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sire's renown :

Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.

4. They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,

As though they held a lion there, and not an unarmed man ;

They set him high upon a cart : the hangman rode below ;

They drew his hands behind his back and bared his noble brow ;

Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered,— the common throng,—

And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

5. But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,

So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,

The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his breath,

For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with Death ;

And then a mournful shudder through all the people
 crept,
And some that came to scoff at him now turned aside
 and wept.

6. Had I been there with sword in hand and fifty Cam-
 erons by,
That day through high Dun Edin's streets had pealed
 the slogan-cry :
Not all their troops of trampling horse nor might of
 mailed men—
Not all the rebels in the South—had borne us backward
 then !
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free
 as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him
 there.

7. It might not be. They placed him next within the
 solemn hall
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their
 nobles all ;
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men
 sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murder-
 ous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of
 the room.

8. Now, by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I
 bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross, that waves
 above us there,

Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—and, oh, that such
should be !—

By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you
and me,

I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown !

9. The morning dawned full darkly ; the rain came flash-
ing down,

And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt lit up the
gloomy town ;

The thunder crashed across the heaven ; the fatal hour
was come ;

Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the
drum.

There was madness on the earth below, and anger in
the sky,

And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see
him die.

10. Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet ! how dismal 'tis to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree !
Hark ! hark ! It is the clash of arms ; the bells begin
to toll :

He is coming ! He is coming ! God's mercy on his soul !
One last long peal of thunder : the clouds are cleared
away,

And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the
dazzling day.

11. He is coming ! He is coming ! Like a bridegroom
from his room

Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the
doom :

There was glory on his forehead, there was luster in
 his eye,
 And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die;
 There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all
 were wan,
 And they marveled as they saw him pass, that great
 and goodly man!

12. A beam of light fell o'er him like a glory round the
 shriven,
 And he climbed the lofty ladder as it were the path
 to heaven;
 Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning
 thunder-roll,
 And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every
 soul.
 There was another heavy sound, a hush, and then a
 groan;
 And darkness swept across the sky: the work of death
 was done!

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Pi'broeh*, a wild, irregular melody for the bagpipes, adapted to excite or allay passion. 2. *Elāy'mōre*, a broadsword. 3. *Ūi'tiff*, a mean person. 4. *Lēash*, a leathern thong. 6. *Dūn Ēd'in*, a poetical synonym for *Edinburgh*, meaning "the face of a rock." *Slō'gan*, the war-cry of a Highland clan in Scotland. 9. *Lēv'in-bōlt*, a thunder-bolt. *'Lār'um*, an alarm. 10. *Spēe'tral*, ghostly. 12. *Shriv'en*, redeemed.

NOTES.—The Marquis of Montrose, James Grahame, attempted to overthrow the power of the Commonwealth, under Cromwell, in favor of Charles II. After his defeat he disguised himself as a peasant, but was perfidiously betrayed by a friend in whom he had trusted. He was taken to Edinburgh and executed in 1650.

3. McLeod of Assyut was the name of the traitor by whom the Great Marquis was betrayed.

7. Archibald Johnston of Warristoun, a bitter enemy of Montrose.

21.—THE HAPPY MOTHER.

CHARLES DICKENS was born at Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812. In early life he was a parliamentary reporter, for which calling he showed remarkable ability. It was while writing for the *Morning Chronicle* that his talents first attracted attention through his *Sketches by Boz*, published in 1836. Soon afterward he published *Pickwick Papers*, and, following them, a large number of other works, among the most popular of which are *David Copperfield*, *Dombey and Son*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Bleak House*, and *Master Humphrey's Clock*. His lack of an academic education led him to study men rather than books; and it is to this fact that we owe the wonderful delineations of character found in his writings, and for which he is especially famous. He died June 9, 1870, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

1. THERE was a little woman on board with a little baby; and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother in New York. The baby was born in her mother's house, and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning) for several months.

2. Well, to be sure, there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety as this little woman was; and all day long she wondered whether "he" would be at the wharf; and whether "he" had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, "he" would know it meeting it in the street,—which, seeing that "he" had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother.

3. She was such an artless little creature, and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state, and let out all this matter clinging close about her heart so freely, that all the other lady-passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife) was wondrous sly, I promise you, inquiring every

time we met at the table, as in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St. Louis.

4. It was something of a blow to the little woman that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good humor, tied a handkerchief round her head, and came out into the little gallery with the rest. Then such an oracle as she became in reference to localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies! and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones! and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with!

5. At last, there were the lights of St. Louis; and here was the wharf, and those were the steps; and the little woman, covering her face with her hands and laughing (or seeming to laugh) more than ever, ran into her own cabin and shut herself up. I have no doubt that, in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears, lest she should hear "him" asking for her.

6. Then a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, and everybody looked for the husband, and nobody saw him, when, in the midst of us all,—Heaven knows how she ever got there,—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow; and in a moment afterward there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin to look at the baby as he lay asleep.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Āb'straet*, considered apart from other things.
4. *Ōr'a ele*, an authority. *Fa çē'tjoūs ness*, sportive humor.

22.--DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.

1. "FLOY, did I ever see mamma?"—"No, darling. Why?"—"Did I ever see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" He asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.—"Oh yes, dear!"—"Whose, Floy?"—"Your old nurse's. Often."—"And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead, too? Floy, are we *all* dead except you?"

2. There was a hurry in the room for an instant,—longer, perhaps, but it seemed no more; then all was still again, and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please."—"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."—"Thank you, Floy!"

3. Paul closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high; and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air and waving to and fro; then he said, "Floy, is it to-morrow? Has she come?"

4. Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him, when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word,—perhaps she had never been away,—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

5. "And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

6. "Floy, this is a kind, good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again.—Do not go away, old nurse!" His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew. "Who was that who said 'Walter'?" he asked, looking round. "Some one said 'Walter.' Is he here? I should like to see him very much."

7. Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, "Call him back, then: let him come up." After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner and his cheerful eyes had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand and said, "Good-by!"

8. "Good-by, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-by?" For an instant Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes!" he said, placidly; "good-by!—Walter dear, good-by!" turning his head to where he stood and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?" He felt his father's breath upon his cheek before the words had parted from his lips.

9. "Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face. "Remember Walter; I was fond of Walter." The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "Good-by!" to Walter once again. "Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you." Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them locked together.

10. "How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But 'tis very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!" Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

11. He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy: I know her by the face. But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go."

12. The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion,—Death!

CHARLES DICKENS.

DEFINITIONS.—1. In erəd'ū loūs ly, *in a manner denoting unbelief.* 5. Rā'di ant, *very bright.* Blīght'ed, *withered by disease.* 8. Wīst'ful, *wishful.* Plāč'id ly, *calmly.*

23.—SMALL THINGS.

CHARLES MACKAY was born at Perth, Scotland, in the year 1812. Many of his writings first appeared as contributions to the *London Morning Chronicle*, the *Glasgow Argus*, and other periodicals. In 1840 he published *The Thames and its Tributaries*, a pleasing description of scenes on the banks of the Thames which are hallowed by the recollections of history, romance, and poetry. His chief fame as an author rests on his poetry, though his other writings are not without their points of excellence. His style is simple yet stirring, and abounds in quiet humor and gentle sarcasm; his writings contain many strong appeals to the better feelings and sentiments of mankind.

1. A TRAVELER through a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea ;
And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time
 To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased in heats of noon
 To bask beneath its boughs ;
The dormouse loved its dangling twig ;
 The birds sweet music bore :
It stood a glory in its place,—
 A blessing evermore.
2. A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern :
A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn ;
He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink :
He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again ; and, lo ! the well,
 By summers never dried,

Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

3. A dreamer dropped a random thought ;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new,—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true ;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And, lo ! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon-ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small,—its issues, great :
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

4. A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart :
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
'Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Lēa*, a meadow. *Bàsk*, to lie in warmth. 3. *Răn'dòm*, without settled aim or purpose. *Ĝē'ni al*, cheerful and cheering. *Mōn'i* to ry, warning. 4. *Märt*, a market. *Tū'mult*, disturbance, or agitation of a multitude. *Trăn'si* to ry, continuing only for a short time.

24.—THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

ROBERT BROWNING was born near London in 1812, and educated at the London University. He published his drama of *Paracelsus* in 1836. In 1855 he published *Men and Women*, which is considered his greatest work. His verse is not so melodious as that of Tennyson, although it ranks higher in vigor and brilliancy. Some of his *Dramatic Lyrics* are almost without a blemish.

1. MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
 "Praise God !" sang Theocrite.
2. Then to his poor trade he turned,
 Whereby the daily meal was earned.
3. Hard he labored, long and well ;
 O'er his work the boy's curls fell ;
4. But ever, at each period,
 He stopped and sang, " Praise God !"
5. Then back again his curls he threw,
 And cheerful turned to work anew.
6. Said Blaise, the listening monk, " Well done !
 I doubt not thou art heard, my son,
7. "As well as if thy voice to-day
 Were praising God the Pope's great way :
8. "This Easter Day the Pope at Rome
 Praises God from Peter's dome."
9. Said Theocrite, " Would God that I
 Might praise him that great way, and die !"

10. Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.
11. With God a day endures alway :
A thousand years are but a day.
12. God said in heaven, " Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."
13. Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth ;
14. Entered, in flesh, the empty cell ;
Lived there, and played the craftsman well,
15. And morning, evening, noon, and night
Praised God in place of Theocrite.
16. And from a boy to youth he grew ;
The man put off the stripling's hue ;
17. The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay ;
18. And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.
19. (He did God's will : to him all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)
20. God said, "A praise is in mine ear ;
There is no doubt in it, no fear :
21. "So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

22. "Clearer loves sound other ways :
I miss my little human praise."
23. Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings ; off fell
The flesh disguise ; remained the cell.
24. 'Twas Easter Day : he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.
25. In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,
26. With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite ;
27. And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,—
28. Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;
29. And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer ;
30. And, rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest ; and now stood here.
31. To the east with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned :
32. "I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here ; I did not well.
33. "Vainly I left my angel's sphere ;
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

34. "Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it dropped :
Creation's chorus stopped !
35. "Go back and praise again
The early way,—while I remain.
36. "With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up Creation's pausing strain.
37. "Back to the cell and poor employ :
Become the craftsman and the boy !"
38. Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.
39. One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side.

DEFINITIONS.—16. Strīp'ling, a youth just passing from boyhood to manhood. 17. Ma tūred', ripened, perfected. 25. Tīr'ing-rōom, dressing-room. Ġāl'ler y, a long and narrow or connecting passage-way. 26. Vēst'ments, dress, clothing. Dīght, clothed, adorned. 28. Plīed, practiced.

25.—DEATH OF COLONEL NEWCOME.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born at Calcutta, India, in 1811. He spent some years at the Charter-House School, London, and afterward went to Cambridge. His first writings were contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*, under the names of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," "George Fitzboodle," and others. His first works of any note (*Barry Lyndon* and *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*) appeared in this periodical. *The Newcomes* (from which the extract is taken), *The History of Pendennis*, *Vanity Fair*, and *The History of Henry Esmond* are some of his finest works, and among the best of their kind in the English language. They show his scorn and hatred of all petty meanness, hypocrisy, and pretense, and display a keen observation of human character, warm sympathy, and a vein of kindly humor, mild satire, and irony which give them a peculiar charm. Thackeray had a remarkable talent for drawing caricatures, and illustrated many of his works himself. He died December 24, 1863.

1. BUT our colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was ; especially when " Boy " came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and with eager, trembling hands he would seek under his bed-clothes, or in the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson.

2. There was a little, laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness—and recovery, as we hoped—was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways, and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him " Codd Colonel."

3. " Tell little F—— that Codd Colonel wants to see him ;" and the little gown-boy was brought to him ; and the colonel would listen to him for hours, and hear all about his lessons and his play ; and prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr. Raine and his own early school-days.

4. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him, sent him in books and papers to amuse him, and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I !—painted theatrical characters and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson.

5. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy ; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

6. So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly.—The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there.

7. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy ; and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face, and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St. Peter's boys on the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning.

8. The colonel quite understood about it. He would like to see the game : he had played many a game on the green when he was a boy. He grew excited. Clive dismissed his father's little friend and put a sovereign into his hand, and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. Yes, run, little white-haired gown-boy ! Heaven speed you, little friend !

9. After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder ; he gave the word of command in Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "Toujours ! toujours !" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him. The nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment ; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

10. At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de

Florac started up. "He is very bad : he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer. Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling ; "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

11. She went into the room, where Clive was at the bed's foot. The old man within it talked on rapidly for a while ; then again he would sigh and be still. Once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India ;" and then, with a heart-rending voice, he called out, "Léonore ! Léonore !" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs ; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

12. At the usual evening hour the chapel-bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands, outside the bed, feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face ; and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said, "*Adsum* !" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called ; and, lo ! he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name and stood in the presence of his Master.

NOTES. -2. The gown-boy referred to was one of the resident pupils of the Grey Friars foundation-school. They were so designated on account of wearing gowns similar to those worn by students in the universities.

9. *Hĩn du stǎn'ee*, is the language of the Hindoos, among whom Colonel Newcome had been stationed for many years.

Toujours (*too'zhoor'*), for ever.

12. *Ad'sum*, a Latin term used in answering at roll-call in school ; equivalent to "here" or "present."

26.—ANNABEL LEE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Baltimore, January, 1811. He wrote a large number of poems, tales, essays, and criticisms, and delivered a series of lectures on the universe. His writings display great inventive power; they combine remarkable grace and smoothness with weird and terrible impressiveness, and display in vivid colors the heights and depths of human passion and sentiment. He died October 7, 1849.

1. IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.
2. I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,—
I and my Annabel Lee,—
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.
3. And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.
4. The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me:
Yes, that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)

That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

5. But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,—
Of many far wiser than we ;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

6. For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling, my life, and my bride—
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

27.—THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

PHILIP HENRY GOSSE was born at Worcester, England, in 1810. In 1827 he traveled in Canada and the United States, and also visited Jamaica. After his return to England he became interested in microscopical research; and, having gone to the sea-shore for his health, he wrote *A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast*. He is the author of *The Aquarium: A Manual of Marine Zoology*, and of numerous other scientific works. His writings gained him admission to the Royal Society in 1856. He is considered one of the foremost naturalists of the day.

1. A REMARKABLE feature in the Pacific Ocean, and one that distinguishes it from every other sea, is the immense assemblage of small islands with which it is crowded, particularly in the portion situated between the tropics. For about three thousand miles from the coast of South America the sea is almost entirely free from islands, but

thence to the great isles of India an immense belt of ocean, nearly five thousand miles in length and fifteen hundred in breadth, is so studded with them as almost to be one continuous archipelago.

2. The term Polynesia, by which this division of the globe is now distinguished, is compounded of two Greek words signifying *many islands*. Very few of these gems of the ocean are more than a few miles in extent, though Tahiti and some in the more western groups are of rather larger dimensions; while Hawaii—the largest island in Polynesia—is about the size of Yorkshire.

3. The isles which in such vast numbers thus stud the bosom of the Pacific are of three distinct forms,—the coral, the crystal, and the volcanic. Of these, the first formation greatly predominates, but the largest islands are of the last description; of the crystal formation, but few specimens are known. Imagine a belt of land in the wide ocean not more than half a mile in breadth, but extending in an irregular curve to the length of ten or twenty miles or more, the height above the water not more than a yard or two at most, but clothed with a mass of the richest and most verdant vegetation.

4. Here and there above the general bed of luxuriant foliage rises a grove of cocoanut-trees, waving their feathery plumes high in the air and gracefully bending their tall and slender stems to the breathing of the pleasant trade-wind. The grove is bordered by a narrow beach on each side, of the most glittering whiteness, contrasting with the beautiful azure waters by which it is environed.

5. From end to end of the curved isle stretches in a straight line—forming, as it were, the cord of the bow—a narrow beach of the same snowy whiteness, almost level with the sea at the lowest tide, inclosing a semicircular

space of water between it and the island, called the lagoon. Over this line of beach—which occupies the leeward side, the curve being to windward—the sea is breaking with sublime majesty.

6. The long unbroken swell of the ocean, hitherto unbridled through a course of thousands of miles, is met by this rampart, when the huge billows, rearing themselves upward many yards above its level and bending their foaming crests, “form a graceful liquid arch, glittering in the rays of a tropical sun as if studded with brilliants. But before the eyes of the spectator can follow the splendid aqueous gallery which they appear to have reared, with loud and hollow roar they fall in magnificent desolation, and spread the gigantic fabric in froth and spray upon the horizontal and gently-broken surface.”

7. Contrasting strongly with the tumult and confusion of the hoary billows without, the water within the lagoon exhibits the serene placidity of a mill-pond. Extending downward to a depth varying from a few feet to fifty fathoms, the waters possess the lively green hue common to soundings on a white or yellow ground, while the surface, unruffled by a wave, reflects with accurate distinctness the mast of the canoe that sleeps upon its bosom, and the tufts of the cocoanut-plumes that rise from the beach above it. Such is a coral island; and if its appearance is one of singular loveliness, as all who have seen it testify, its structure, on examination, is found to be no less interesting and wonderful.

8. The beach of white sand which opposes the whole force of the ocean is found to be the summit of a rock which rises abruptly from an unknown depth like a perpendicular wall. The whole of this rampart, as far as our senses can take cognizance of it, is composed of living coral;

and the same substance forms the foundation of the curved and more elevated side, which is smiling in the luxuriance and beauty of tropical vegetation. The elevation of the coral to the surface is not always abruptly perpendicular: sometimes reefs of varying depths extend to a considerable distance, in the form of successive platforms or terraces.

9. In these regions may be seen islands in every stage of their formation, "some presenting little more than a point or summit of a branching coralline pyramid, at a depth scarcely discernible through the transparent waters; others spreading like submarine gardens or shrubberies beneath the surface, or presenting here and there a little bank of broken coral and sand, over which the rolling wave occasionally breaks;" while others exist in the more advanced state I have just described, the main bank sufficiently elevated to be permanently protected from the waves and already clothed with verdure, and the lagoon inclosed by the narrow bulwark of the coral reef.

10. Though the rampart thus reared is sufficient to preserve the inner waters in a peaceful and mirror-like calmness, it must not be supposed that all access to them from the sea is excluded. It almost invariably happens that in the line of reef one or more openings occur, which, though sometimes narrow and intricate, so as scarcely to allow the passage of a native canoe, are not unfrequently of sufficient width and depth to permit the free ingress of large ships.

11. The advantage to man of these openings is very great. Without them, the islands might smile invitingly, but in vain: no access could be obtained to them by shipping, through the tremendous surf by which their shores are lashed; but by these entrances the lovely lagoons are converted into the most quiet, safe, and commodious havens imaginable, where ships may lie and wood and water and

refresh their crews in security though the tempest howl without.

DEFINITIONS.—3. Pre dŏm'í nătes, *exceeds in number*. 4. En-vī'roned, *surrounded*. 5. Lēe'ward, *the side opposite to that from which the wind blows*. 6. Brīl'l'jants, *diamonds of the finest cut*. Ā'que oŭs, *watery*. 7. Pla ċid'í ty, *quietness*. Sound'ings, *places in the ocean where a sounding-line will reach the bottom*. 8. Ėdġ'ni-zanġe, *notice*. 9. Diġ cern'í ble (zġrn'), *capable of being seen*. Sŭb-ma rġne', *under water in the sea*. Bul'wark, *screen or defense*.

NOTE.—4. The trade-wind is a wind in the torrid zone which blows from the same quarter throughout the year. It is so called because of its great advantage to navigators, and hence to trade.

28.—THE BROOK.

ALFRED TENNYSON, the present poet-laureate of England, was born in 1809. He was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won the Chancellor's medal for a prize poem entitled *Timbuctoo*. In 1830 he first appeared as an author, publishing a small volume of verses. His works are very numerous. His *Idyls of the King*, *In Memoriam*, and *The Princess* are among the finest of his larger poems. He represents the Romantic school of poetry, and his rare genius is best appreciated by refined and cultivated minds.

1. I COME from haunts of coot and hern :

I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley ;

2. By thirty hills I hurry down,

Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges ;

3. Till last by Philip's farm I flow

To join the brimming river ;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

4. I chatter over stony ways
 In little sharps and trebles ;
I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles ;
5. With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow ;
6. I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river ;
For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.
7. I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,
8. And here and there a foamy flake,
 Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,
9. And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river ;
For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.
10. I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers ;

11. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows;
12. I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars,
 I loiter round my cresses;
13. And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Öööt*, a waterfowl. *Hörn*, the heron, a wading bird. *Bick'er*, to move quickly. 2. *Thôrps*, small villages. 5. *Fäl'lōw*, land that has been plowed without being sowed. *Före'länd*, a headland. *Mäl'lōw*, a plant with soft downy leaves. 7. *Grây'līng*, a fish somewhat like the trout. 12. *Shīn'gly*, abounding with gravel or shingle.

29.—LADY CLARE.

1. It was the time when lilies blow,
 And clouds are highest up in air,
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.
2. I trow they did not part in scorn:
 Lovers long betrothed were they;
 They two will wed the morrow morn;
 God's blessing on the day!
3. "He does not love me for my birth,
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair:

He loves me for my own true worth ;
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

4. In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, " Who was this that went from thee ?"
" It was my cousin," said Lady Clare ;
" To-morrow he weds with me."
5. " O God be thanked," said Alice the nurse,
" That all comes round so just and fair !
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."
6. " Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, " that ye speak so wild ?"
" As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
" I speak the truth : you are my child."
7. " The old earl's daughter died at my breast :
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."
8. " Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, " if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."
9. " Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
" But keep the secret for your life ;
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."
10. " If I'm a beggar born," she said,
" I will speak out, for I dare not lie."

Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

11. "Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."
12. "Nay, now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."
13. "Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child! I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me!"
14. "Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,—
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."
15. She clad herself in a russet gown:
She was no longer Lady Clare;
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.
16. The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.
17. Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!"

Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ?”

18. “If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born,” she said,
“And not the Lady Clare.”

19. “Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald ;
“For I am yours in word and deed.
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald :
“Your riddle is hard to read.”

20. O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She looked into Lord Ronald’s eyes,
And told him all her nurse’s tale.

21. He laughed a laugh of merry scorn ;
He turned and kissed her where she stood.
“If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “the next in blood,—

22. “If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “the lawful heir,—
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

ALFRED TENNYSON.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Trōw, *think*. Be trōthēd’, *engaged to be married*. 10. Brōoch, *an ornament usually worn on the breast*. 12. Clēave, *hold fast*. 15. Rūs’set, *of a reddish color*. Dāle, *a vale or valley*. Down, *a tract of level sandy land*.

NOTE.—21. *The next in blood*, the nearest relation.

30.—THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and entered upon the study of the law, but soon took up the profession of medicine. He studied in Europe, and graduated as physician in 1836. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College, and in 1847 was transferred to a similar chair at Harvard. He is not only a man of science, but also a poet of much ability. His writings combine wit, humor, science, and philosophy. Among his best-known works are *Elsie Venner*, *The Guardian Angel*, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, and *Mechanism in Thought and Morals*.

1. THIS is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.
2. Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl :
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.
3. Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

4. Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering Sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn !
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn :
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
 sings :
5. Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past :
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Ī'rised*, colored like the rainbow. *Ērȳpt*, a cell ;
 a hiding-place.

NOTES.—1. *Sĩ'ren*, one of three damsels—said to dwell near the island
 of Caprea, in the Mediterranean Sea—who sang with such sweetness that
 they who sailed by forgot their country and died in an ecstasy of delight.

4. *Trĩ'ton*, a fabled sea demi-god, the trumpeter of Neptune.

31.—OLD IRONSIDES.

1. AY, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;
 Beneath it rung the battle-shout
 And burst the cannon's roar :
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

2. Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread
 Or know the conquered knee :
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea.

3. Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave :
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave.
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning, and the gale.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ĕn'sign, a flag or standard. Mē'te or, a bright transient body or appearance seen in the atmosphere. 2. Vān'quished, overcome. Hār'piēs, vultures ; ravenous wretches.

NOTE.—“Old Ironsides” was the name given to the frigate Constitution, a forty-four gun ship of the American navy. She achieved a glorious reputation in the war of 1812. Under the command of Captain Isaac Hull she captured the British man-of-war Guerriere ; and afterward, under the command of Commodore Bainbridge, she captured and destroyed the Java. At the time the poem was written, orders had been issued to have her broken up, but she was saved through the public sentiment created by its publication.

32.—HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, the most distinguished poet of her day that England has produced, was born in London in 1809. At a very early age she showed poetic talent and a great love of study. She was all her life an invalid. In 1846 she married Mr. Robert Browning, a celebrated poet ; and after fifteen years of great happiness she died at Florence in 1861. Though sometimes obscure, her writings exhibit great

power of imagination, originality, and beauty of sentiment, and are full of sympathy with suffering in every form. *Aurora Leigh* is the longest and best known of her poems; while her sonnets are perhaps her finest efforts.

1. OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
“He giveth His beloved sleep”?
2. What would we give to our beloved,—
The hero's heart, to be unmoved;
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep;
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse;
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
He giveth His beloved sleep.
3. What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
He giveth His beloved sleep.
4. “Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.
5. O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delv'd gold the wailers heap!

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
 God strikes a silence through you all,
 And giveth His beloved sleep.

6. His dews drop mutely on the hill ;
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap :
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 He giveth His beloved sleep.

7. Ay, men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;
 But angels say,—and through the word
 I think their happy smile is *heard*,—
 “ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

8. For me, my heart, that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would child-like on His love repose
 Who giveth His beloved sleep.

9. And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, “ Not a tear must o'er her fall :
 He giveth His beloved sleep.”

DEFINITIONS.—5. Dēlv'ed, *dug*. 6. Mūte'ly, *silently*. 7. Seăn, *to examine with care*. 8. Ērst, *formerly*. Mūm'mers, *players who make diversion in disguise*.

33.—THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

1. Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in their nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly,—
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free.
2. Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking
Death in life as best to have.
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through.
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine.
3. "For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap:
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep;

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping ;
We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow ;
For all day we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground,
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron,
In the factories, round and round.

4. "For all day the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places ;
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling ;
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall ;
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,'—breaking out in a mad moaning,—
'Stop ! be silent for to-day !'"

5. Ay ! be silent ! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth ;
Let them touch each other's hands in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth ;
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals ;
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels !
Still all day the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark ;

And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Cēre'ment*, cere- or waxed cloth anciently used in embalming. 4. *Drōn'ing*, making a humming sound. 5. *Wrēath'ing*, twining together.

34.—THE CHILD OF EARTH.

MRS. CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON was born in 1808; she was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In her seventeenth year she wrote the *Sorrows of Rosalie*, a pathetic poem descriptive of village life. In 1827 she was married to the Honorable George Chapple Norton; this marriage was dissolved in 1840. *The Undying One*, *The Dream*, and *Other Poems*, *The Child of the Islands*, and *Stuart of Dunleith: A Romance*, are some of her best-known works. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* speaks of her as "the Byron of modern poetesses," and remarks that "she has much of the intense personal passion that distinguishes the poetry of Byron, but she is not an imitator: the similarity is merely a natural parallel." She died in 1877.

1. FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day :
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow ;
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
 "I am content to die, but, oh, not now !
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe ;
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing ;
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreath.
 Spare me, great God ! lift up my drooping brow :
 I am content to die, but, oh, not now !"
2. The spring hath ripened into summer-time :
 The season's viewless boundary is past ;
 The glorious sun hath reached its burning prime :
 Oh, must this glimpse of beauty be the last ?
 "Let me not perish while o'er land and sea,
 With silent steps, the lord of light moves on ;

Not while the murmur of the mountain-bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone.
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow :
I am content to die, but, oh, not now !”

3. Summer is gone, and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits and gild the waving corn ;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
“Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam.
Cooler the breezes play around my brow :
I am content to die, but, oh, not now !”

4. The bleak wind whistles ; snow-showers far and near
Drift without echo to the whitening ground ;
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound ;
Yet still that prayer ascends : “Oh, laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd ;
Our home-fire blazes broad and bright and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud.
Spare me awhile ; raise up my drooping brow :
I am content to die, but, oh, not now !”

5. The spring is come again,—the joyful spring ;
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread ;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing :
The child of earth is numbered with the dead.
Thou never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane ;

The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
 Nor fond familiar voice arouse again.
 Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow :
 Why didst thou linger ? Thou art happier now.

DEFINITIONS.—2. View'less, *invisible*. Prime, *full strength*. 3. Winds, *blows*. 5. Wan'ton, *loose ; unrestrained*. Lăt'tiçe-pâne, *a pane covered with rods, or bars, forming a network*.

35.—THE BAREFOOT BOY.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, December, 1807. He received but little early education. He has written many volumes of poetry, and has likewise contributed numerous essays and treatises—biographical, political, and philanthropic—to the literature of the times. *Snow-Bound*, *The Barefoot Boy*, and *Maud Muller* are among his most popular productions. His poems exhibit vigor, a rugged picturesqueness, and great power in giving expression to popular sentiment. He shows himself to be a true lover of reform, and utters powerful appeals to the nobler feelings of mankind. He lives at Danvers, Massachusetts.

1. BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,
 And thy merry whistled tunes ;
 With thy red lip, redder still
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
 With the sunshine on thy face,
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
 From my heart I give thee joy :
 I was once a barefoot boy.
 Prince thou art : the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride ;
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy,
 In the reach of ear and eye,—

Outward sunshine, inward joy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

2. Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine
Of the black wasp's cunning way,—
Mason of his walls of clay,—
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans !
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

3. Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,

When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry-cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night ;
Whispering at the garden-wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too :
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy
Fashioned for a barefoot boy.

4. Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,—
On the door-stone gray and rude !
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While, for music, came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra,

And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch : pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy.

5. Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can.
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison-cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil
 Up and down in ceaseless moil :
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground ;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin !
 Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

DEFINITIONS.—1. Jām'ty, *airy ; showy*. 2. Hăb'i tūde, *mode of living*. Ä'r ehi tčēt'ūr al, *pertaining to the art of building*. Ä'r-ti şaŋş, *workmen*. Es chew'ing, *avoiding*. 3. Piek'er el, *a fresh-water fish belonging to the pike family*. 4. Fës'tal, *pertaining to a holiday or feast*. Pied, *spotted*. Or'ehes tră, *band of musicians*. 5. Sward, *the grassy surface of land*. Moil, *labor*.

NOTE.—3. *Apples of Hës pěr'i dēs*, in mythology, the golden apples that grew in the orchards of the daughters of Hesperus. These orchards were supposed to have been situated in Africa, and were guarded by a watchful dragon, which was slain by Hercules, who carried off the fruit.

36.—SPRING.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the best known of American poets, was born February 27, 1807, at Portland, Maine. Shortly after graduating from Bowdoin College, he was offered a professorship of Modern Languages in his alma mater. He spent some years in Europe studying languages in order to prepare for this position, and it is in a measure owing to this fact that his translations from the Danish, Swedish, Dutch, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese are of such excellence. He wrote for the *North American Review*, and published many volumes of poetry. Among his best-known poetical productions are *Erangeline*, which takes very high rank, *The Golden Legend*, *Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *The Spanish Student*, *Psalm of Life*, and *Excelsior*. His most notable prose works are *Hyperion*, *Outre-Mer*, and *Karavagh*. Longfellow had a great fondness for recording acts of self-devotion. As a man, his life was beautiful. It has been said of him that "no man ever lived more completely in the light." He died March 24, 1882. The prose extract is from *Hyperion*.

1. It was a sweet carol which the Rhodian children sang of old in spring, bearing in their hands, from door to door, a swallow, as herald of the season :

"The Swallow is come !
The Swallow is come !
Oh fair are the seasons, and light
Are the days that she brings
With her dusky wings,
And her bosom snowy white !"

2. A pretty carol, too, is that which the Hungarian boys, on the islands of the Danube, sing to the returning stork in spring :

"Stork ! Stork ! poor Stork !
Why is thy foot so bloody ?
A Turkish boy hath torn it :
Hungarian boy will heal it
With fiddle, fife, and drum."

3. But what child has a heart to sing in this capricious clime of ours, where spring comes sailing in from the sea,

with wet and heavy cloud-sails, and the misty pennon of the East-wind nailed to the mast? Yet even here, and in the stormy month of March, there are bright warm mornings, when we open our windows to inhale the balmy air. The pigeons fly to and fro, and we hear the whirring sound of wings. Old flies crawl out of the cracks to sun themselves, and think it is summer. They die in their conceit; and so do our hearts within us when the cold sea-breath comes from the eastern sea, and again

“The driving hail
Upon the window beats with icy flail.”

4. The red-flowering maple is first in blossom, its beautiful purple flowers unfolding a fortnight before the leaves. The moose-wood follows, with rose-colored buds and leaves, and the dog-wood, robed in the white of its own pure blossoms. Then comes the sudden rain-storm; and the birds fly to and fro and shriek. Where do they hide themselves in such storms? at what firesides dry their feathery cloaks? At the fireside of the great, hospitable sun. To-morrow, —not before: they must sit in wet garments until then.

5. In all climates spring is beautiful. In the South it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They too belong to the orchestra of Nature, whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles and the scenery hung with snow and frost like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through

the veins of the earth, the sap through the veins of the plants and trees, and the blood through the veins of man.

6. What a thrill of delight in spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens, and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes, and ere long our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions, pull out the yellow leaves, to see if the school-boy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

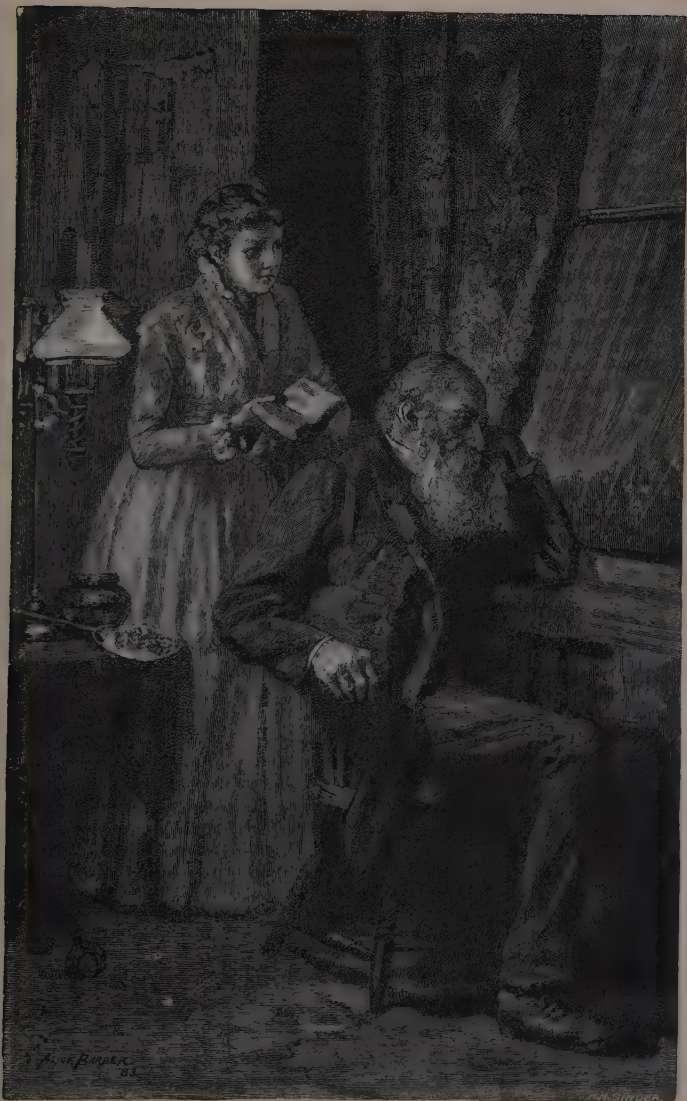
7. And at night so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing, not a whisper of leaf or waving bough, not a breath of wind, not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower sprinkled with golden dust and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain. It was thus that spring began in Heidelberg.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Rhō'di an, *a native or inhabitant of the island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean Sea.* Hēr'ald, *a forerunner.* 3. Ėa-prī'ejōūs, *changeable.* Ėōn gēit', *an ill-founded notion.* 5. Prē'lūde, *introductory performance.* 7. Rā'di ant, *beaming with brightness.*

NOTE.—7. Hēi'del bĕrg is a city of Germany, the seat of the oldest university in that country.

37.—THE DAY IS DONE.

1. THE day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.
2. I see the lights of the village
 Gleam through the rain and the mist ;
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul cannot resist,—
3. A feeling of sadness and longing
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.
4. Come, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling
 And banish the thoughts of day.
5. Not from the grand old masters,
 Not from the bards sublime,
 Whose distant footsteps echo
 Through the corridors of Time ;
6. For, like strains of martial music,
 Their mighty thoughts suggest
 Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
 And to-night I long for rest.
7. Read from some humbler poet,
 Whose songs gushed from his heart



THE DAY IS DONE.

(Page 126.)

As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids, start,—

8. Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

9. Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

10. Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice ;

11. And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

DEFINITIONS.—3. A kîn', *allied by nature*. 4. Lāy, *a song*. 5. Cōr'ri dōr's, *long passage-ways*. 8. De void', *destitute*.

38.—DAVID'S LAMENT OVER ABSALOM.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS was born at Portland, Maine, January 20, 1807. He was educated at Yale College, and while yet a student received a prize for his *Scriptural Poems*. He afterward established several periodicals, and contributed to many others. He wrote numerous works, both in prose and in poetry, including biographies, dramas, narratives, and romances. His style is graceful and vivacious, and his writings indicate that he was a thoughtful and close observer. He died January 21, 1867.

1. KING DAVID'S limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem, and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words ; and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands, to pray.
2. Oh, when the heart is full,—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery,—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !
He prayed for Israel ; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield ; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh, for Absalom,—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom,
The proud, bright being who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him,—for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.
3. The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straitened for the grave ; and as the folds

Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.

4. The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead.

5. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

6. "Alas, my noble boy, that thou shouldst die,—
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair.
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,—
My proud boy, Absalom!

7. "Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'My father!' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom !
8. "The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music and the voices of the young,
And life shall pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ;
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shalt come
To meet me, Absalom !
9. "And, oh, when I am stricken, and my heart
Like a bruised reed is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear, to drink its last deep token !
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom !
10. "And now farewell ! 'Tis hard to give thee up
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee ;
And thy dark sin,—oh, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee like a wanderer home,
My lost boy Absalom !"
11. He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child ; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;

And, as if strength were given him of God,
 He rose up calmly and composed the pall
 Firmly and decently, and left him there,
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Fěr'vent ly, *earnestly*. Sŭp pli eā'tion, *entreaty*. 3. Pro pŏr'tions, *shape*. Dăl'li anġe, *sportiveness*. 5. Săek'-elŏth, *a coarse cloth or garment worn in mourning*. 8. Măn'tling, *rising and spreading*. 11. Ėn vŭl'sive ly, *with great agitation*. Ėom pŏsed', *placed in proper form*.

NOTE.—For an account of the incidents on which the poem is founded, see 2 Samuel xviii.

39.—MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS was born at Charleston, South Carolina, April 17, 1806. His early education was meager, owing partly to the poverty of the family, and partly to his own delicate health. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. He soon abandoned the law, however, and turned his attention to literary pursuits. As novelist, poet, essayist, critic, and reviewer, he gained considerable fame. *A History of South Carolina, Life of Marion, The Partisan, Guy Rivers, The Border Beagles, and Mellichampe* (from which the extract is taken) are some of his best-known works. His style is vigorous, his descriptions of natural scenery are often beautiful, and his plots are well conceived. He died at Charleston, June 11, 1870.

1. THE partisan had managed admirably, but he was now compelled to fly. The advantage of the ground was no longer with him. Tarleton, with his entire force, had now passed through the avenue, and had appeared in the open court in front. The necessity of rapid flight became apparent to Singleton, and the wild, lively notes of his trumpet were accordingly heard stirring the air at not more than rifle-distance from the gathering troop of Tarleton. Bitterly aroused by this seeming audacity,—an audacity to which Tarleton, waging a war hitherto of continual successes, had never been accustomed,—his ire grew into fury.

2. "What, men! shall these rebels carry it so?" he cried, aloud.—"Advance, Captain Barsfield! Advance to the right of the fence with twenty men, and stop not to mark your steps. Advance, sir, and charge forward. You should know the ground by this time. Away!—Captain Kearney, to yon wood! Sweep it, sir, with your sabres; and meet me in the rear of the garden."

3. The officers thus commanded moved to the execution of their charges with sufficient celerity. The commands and movements of Major Singleton were much more cool, and not less prompt. He hurried along by his scattered men as they lay here and there covered by this or that bush or tree: "Carry off no bullets that you can spare them, men. Fire as soon as they reach the garden; and when your pieces are clear, take down the hill and mount."

4. Three minutes did not elapse before the rifles had each poured forth its treasured death; and without pausing to behold the effects of their discharge, each partisan, duly obedient, was on his way, leaping off from cover to cover through the thick woods to the hollow where their horses had been fastened.

5. The furious Tarleton meanwhile led the way through the garden, the palings of which were torn away to give his cavalry free passage. With a soldier's rage and the impatience of one not often baffled, he hurried forward the pursuit, in a line tolerably direct, after the flying partisans. But Singleton was too good a soldier, and too familiar with the ground, to keep his men in mass in a wild flight through woods becoming denser at every step.

6. When they had reached a knoll at some little distance beyond the place where his horses had been fastened, he addressed his troop as follows: "We must break here, my men. Each man will take his own path, and we will

all scatter as far apart as possible. Make your way, all of you, for the swamp, however, where in a couple of hours you may all be safe.—Lance Frampton, you will ride with me.”

7. Each trooper knew the country, and, accustomed to individual enterprise and the duties of the scout, there was no hardship to the men of Marion in such a separation. On all hands they glided off, and at a far freer pace than when they rode together in a body. A thousand tracks they found in the woods about them, in pursuing which there was now no obstruction, no jostling of brother-horsemen pressing upon the same route. Singleton and his youthful companion darted away at an easy pace into the woods, in which they had scarcely shrouded themselves before they heard the rushing and fierce cries of Tarleton’s dragoons.

8. “Do you remember, Lance,” said Singleton to the boy,—“do you remember the chase we had from the Oaks when Proctor pursued us?”—“Yes, sir; and a narrow chance it was when your horse tumbled. I thought they would have caught and killed you then, sir; but I didn’t know anything of fighting in the woods then.”—“Keep cool, and there’s little danger anywhere,” responded Singleton. “Men in a hurry are always in danger. To be safe, be steady. But hark! do you not hear them now? Some of them have got upon our track.”

9. “I do hear a noise, sir: there was a dry bush that cracked then.”—“And a voice,—that was a shout. Let us stop for a moment and reload. A shot may be wanted.” Coolly dismounting, Singleton proceeded to charge his rifle, which had been slung across his shoulder. His companion did the same. While loading, the former felt a slight pain and stiffness in his left arm: “I am hurt, Lance, I do believe. Look here at my shoulder.”

10. "There's blood, sir ; and the coat's cut with a bullet. The bullet's in your arm, sir."—"No, not now. It has been there, I believe, though the wound is slight. There ! now mount : we have no time to see to it now."—"That's true, sir, for I hear the horses. And look now, major ! There's two of the dragoons coming through the bush, and straight toward us."—"Two only ?" said Singleton, again unslinging his rifle. The boy readily understood the movement, and proceeded to do likewise ; but he was too late. The shot of Singleton was immediate, and the foremost trooper fell forward from his horse. His companion fled.

11. "Don't 'light, Lance : keep on. There's only one now, and he won't trouble us. Away, sir !" It was time to speed. The report of the shot and the fall of the dragoon, gave a direction to the whole force of the pursuers, whose shouts and cries might now be heard ringing in all directions through the forest behind them. "They can't reach us, Lance. We shall round that bay in a few seconds, and they will be sure to boggle into it. On, boy, and waste no eyesight in looking behind you. We are safe : I only hope that all our boys are as much so. But I fear we have lost some fine fellows. Poor Mellichampe ! But it is too late now. Push on ; the bay is before us."

12. Thus speaking, guiding and encouraging the boy, the fearless partisan kept on. In a few minutes they had rounded the thick bay, and were deeply sheltered in a dense wood well known at that period by a romantic title, which doubtless had its story. "My Lady's Fancy. We are safe now, Lance, and a little rest will do no harm."

13. The partisan, as he spoke, drew up his horse, threw himself from his back, fastened him to a hanging branch, and, passing down to a hollow where a little brooklet ran

trickling along with a gentle murmur, drank deeply of its sweet and quiet waters, which he scooped up with a calabash that hung on a bough above. Then, throwing himself down under the shadow of the tree, he lay as quietly as if there had been no danger tracking his footsteps, and no deadly enemy still prowling in the neighborhood and hungering for his blood.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pär'ti şăn, *any one of a body of light troops, designed to carry on a desultory warfare.* Au dăş'i ty, *daring spirit.* 6. Knöll, *a little round hill.* 7. Shroud'ed, *hidden.* 13. Ǫăl'a băsh, *a dry gourd scooped out.*

NOTES.—*Marion's Men.* During the Revolution, General Francis Marion was in command of a body of partisan soldiers known by the above title. They were for the most part poorly clad and equipped, but their bravery, self-denial, and patriotism enabled them to do good service in the cause of freedom.

1. *Tarleton.* Colonel Tarleton was in command of a portion of the British forces in South Carolina during the Revolution. He was an able, brave, but merciless soldier.

40.—THE CARDINAL'S EXCULPATION.

SIR EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER-LYTTON was born in 1805, and received his education at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1826. His first publication was a poem on *Sculpture*, which gained for him the Chancellor's prize offered at Cambridge in 1825 for the best example of English versification. In 1826 he published *Weeds and Wild Flowers*, a collection of poems. He afterward wrote novels, poetry, political works, criticisms, dramas, and history. Perhaps no English writer has equaled him in versatility of genius; for, though he attempted such a variety of subjects, he was almost equally successful in all. His fame rests chiefly upon his novels, among the best of which are *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Harold*, *The Last of the Barons*, *Eugene Aram*, *Rienzi*, *The Cartons*, and *My Novel, or Varieties of English Life*. He died January 18, 1873. The following extract is from the drama of *Richelieu*, which is still one of our most popular plays.

Richelieu. Room, my Lords, room! The minister of France
Can need no intercession with the king.

[*They fall back.*]

Louis. What means this false report of death, Lord Cardinal?

Richelieu. Are you, then, angered, sire, that I live still?

Louis. No; but such artifice—

Richelieu. Not mine: look elsewhere!

Louis, my castle swarmed with the assassins.

Baradas (advancing). We have punished them already.

Huguet now

In the Bastile. Oh, my Lord, *we* were prompt

To avenge you,—*we* were—

Richelieu. *We*? Ha! ha!—You hear,

My liege!—What page, man, in the last court grammar

Made you a plural? Count, you have seized the *hireling*.—

Sire, shall I name the *master*?

Louis. Tush, my Lord!

The old contrivance: ever does your wit

Invent assassins,—that ambition may

Slay rivals.

Richelieu. Rivals, sire! In what?

Service to France? *I have none!* Lives the man

Whom Europe, paled before your glory, deems

Rival to Armand Richelieu?

Louis. What! so haughty!

Remember, he who made can unmake.

Richelieu. Never!

Never! Your anger can recall your trust,

Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,

Rifle my coffers; but my name, my deeds,

Are royal in a land beyond your scepter.

Pass sentence on me, if you will: from kings,

Lo! I appeal to Time. Be just, my liege.

I found your kingdom rent with heresies

And bristling with rebellion; lawless nobles

And breadless serfs ; England fomenting discord ;
 Austria, her clutch on your dominion ; Spain
 Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
 To armed thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead ;
 Trade rotted in your marts ; your armies mutinous ;
 Your treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
 Your trust, so be it ! and I leave you, sole
 Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm,
 From Ganges to the icebergs. Look without :
 No foe not humbled. Look within : the Arts
 Quit for your schools their old Hesperides,
 The golden Italy ; while through the veins
 Of your vast empire flows, in strengthening tides,
 Trade, the calm health of nations.

Sire, I know

Your smoother courtiers please you best,—nor measure
 Myself with them,—yet sometimes I would doubt
 If statesmen rocked and dandled into power
 Could leave such legacies to kings.

(LOUIS *appears irresolute.*)

Baradas (passing him, whispers). But Julie,—
 Shall I not summon her to court ?

*Louis (motions to BARADAS and turns haughtily to the
 Cardinal).* Enough !

Your Eminence must excuse a longer audience.
 To your own palace ! For our conference, this
 Nor place nor season.

Richelieu. Good my liege, for *Justice*
 All place a temple, and all season summer.
 Do you deny me justice ?—Saints of heaven !
 He turns from me !—*Do you deny me justice ?*
 For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt empire,

The humblest craftsman, the obscurest vassal,
 The very leper shrinking from the sun,
 Though loathed by Charity, might ask for justice !
 Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien
 Of some I see around you—counts and princes—
 Kneeling for *favours*, but erect and loud,
 As men who ask man's rights. My liege, my Louis,
 Do you refuse me justice—audience even—
 In the pale presence of the baffled Murther ?

Louis. Lord Cardinal, one by one you have severed
 from me

The bonds of human love. All near and dear
 Marked out for vengeance,—exile or the scaffold.
 You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,
 My closest kindred : you would tear them from me.
 They murder *you*, forsooth, since *me* they love !
 Enough of plots and treasons for one reign.
 Home ! home ! and sleep away these phantoms !

Richelieu. Sire,

I— Patience, heaven ! sweet heaven !—Sire, from the foot
 Of that Great Throne these hands have raised aloft
 On an Olympus, looking down on mortals
 And worshiped by their awe,—before the foot
 Of that high throne spurn you the gray-haired man
 Who gave you empire, and now sues for safety ?

Louis. No ! When we see your Eminence in truth
 At the *foot* of the throne, we'll listen to you.

DEFINITIONS.—Ėr'di nal, *one of the seventy ecclesiastical princes who constitute the Pope's council.* Ėx eul pā'tiōn, *the act of vindicating from a charge of fault or crime.* Ėn ter çōs'siōn, *mediation.* Ėr-ti fīç, *a trick or fraud.* Rī'fle, *to plunder.* Ėŏf'fers, *chests or trunks for holding money or other valuables.* Hēr'e siēs, *doctrines opposed to sound belief.* Fo mēnt'ing, *exciting.*

Pröd'i ġal, *profuse; lavish*. Aŭ'di enġe, *a hearing*. Ən'fer enġe, *interview*. Əräfts'man, *mechanic*. Väs'sal, *subject or dependent*. O lým'pus, *a mountain in Greece on which the gods were supposed to reside*.

NOTES.—Cardinal Richelieu (Rêsh'ê lōō) (born at Paris in 1585; died in 1642) was the prime minister of Louis XIII. of France.

Bas tile', an old fortification in Paris, built in the fourteenth century. It was long used as a state-prison, but was finally demolished by the populace in 1789.

Either Ind, the East and West Indies, from which Spain at that time was obtaining large amounts of treasure.

Louis XIII. was born in 1601, began to reign in 1614, and died in 1643, a few months after the great cardinal, his minister.

41.—THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

MARY HOWITT was born at Coleford, England, in 1804. She was the wife of William Howitt, who was also an author of some celebrity. They published many of their works conjointly, the first of which was *The Forest Minstrel*, in 1823. Mary wrote *The Seven Temptations*, *Wood Leighton*, and *Tales for Children*. She also translated the works of Miss Bremer and of Hans Christian Andersen. Her poems are marked by a simple tenderness that charms the reader.

1. "AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see."
2. "And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."
3. "And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

4. "Oh, tell me all, my Mary,—
All, all that ever you know ;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldou-Low."
5. "Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine :
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.
6. "And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small ;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all."
7. "And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say ?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way :
8. "And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill.
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill ;
9. "'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May ;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day.
10. "'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes !

11. "And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill.
12. "'And there,' said they, 'the merry winds go,
Away from every horn ;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.
13. "'Oh, the poor blind old widow !
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong.'
14. "And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low.
'And this,' said they, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.
15. "'Oh, the poor lame weaver !
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night !'
16. "And then upspoke a brownie
With a long beard on his chin.
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.
17. "'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another,—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

18. " And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of Caldun-Low
There was no one left but me.
19. " And all on the top of the Caldun-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.
20. " But as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go.
21. " And I peeped into the widow's field,
And sure enough were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.
22. " And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high ;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye.
23. " Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see ;
So prithee make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

DEFINITIONS.—*Lōw*, a conical hill. 14. *Crōft*, a small inclosed field. 16. *Brown'le*, a good-natured spirit who was supposed to perform important household services by night. 23. *Prīth'ce*, a corruption of "pray, thee."

42.—THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born at Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. He was educated at Bowdoin College. In 1832 he published his first work, an anonymous story. This was succeeded by several volumes of short stories and a number of beautiful romances. The style of his shorter tales is clear, melodious, and simple. In his romances the interest is well sustained, and often painfully strong. The poet Longfellow says of Hawthorne's style, "It is as clear as running waters are; indeed, he uses words merely as stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought." *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Marble Faun*, *The House of Seven Gables*, *Tanglewood Tales*, and *Twice-Told Tales* are some of his best-known works. He died in 1864. The following selection is from his *True Stories*.

1. CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for in the earlier days of the colony the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities, instead of selling them.

2. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood instead of silver or gold.

3. As the people grew more numerous and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the Gen-

eral Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

4. Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, swords that had figured at courts,—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers (who were little better than pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

5. All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date—1652—on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

6. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong-box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of grandfather's chair; and, as he had

worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

7. When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. “Yes, you may take her,” said he, in his rough way; “and you’ll find her a heavy burden enough.”

8. On the wedding-day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences, and the knees of his smallclothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in grandfather’s chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

9. There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-laced waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young

man; and so thought the bridesmaids, and Miss Betsey herself.

10. The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

11. "Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales." Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

12. "Now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither." The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

13. Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command,

heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor. "There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in grandfather's chair. "Take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank heaven for her. It is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver."

DEFINITIONS.—2. Quĩnt'alſ, *hundred-weights*. 4. Tănk'ardſ, *large drinking-vessels with covers*. Bull'ĩon, *uncoined gold or silver in the mass*. 8. Pě'o ny, *a plant having beautiful showy flowers*. 9. Pěr'son a ble, *having a good appearance*. 12. Re ċep'ta cle, *that in which anything is received and held*.

43.—THE VISION OF MOSES.

HUGH MILLER was born in Cromarty, Scotland, October 10, 1802, and was educated at the grammar-school of his native town. His works are chiefly geological, and his researches in geology were of great value, and were so recognized by the learned men of his own day. Besides his scientific works, he wrote a book on *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, also a volume of poems. His style is clear and vigorous, and his works show his honesty, industry, and patriotism. He died December 4, 1856.

1. LET us suppose that the creative vision took place far from man, in an untrodden recess of the Midian desert, ere yet the vision of the burning bush had been vouchsafed, and that, as in the vision of St. John in Patmos, voices were mingled with scenes, and the ear as certainly addressed as the eye. A "great darkness" first falls upon the prophet, like that which in an earlier age fell upon Abraham, but without the "horror;" and as the Divine Spirit moves on the face of the wildly-troubled waters, like a visible aurora enveloped by the pitchy cloud, the

great doctrine is orally enunciated that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

2. Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few brief moments, pass away; the creative voice is again heard: "Let there be light;" and straightway a gray diffused light springs up in the east, and, casting its sickly gleam over a cloud-limited expanse of streaming vaporous sea, journeys through the heavens toward the west. One heavy, sunless day is made the representative of myriads: the faint light waxes fainter; it sinks beneath the dim, undefined horizon; the first scene of the drama closes upon the seer; and he sits awhile on his hill-top in darkness, solitary, but not sad, in what seems to be a calm and starless night.

3. The light again brightens: it is day; and over an expanse of ocean without visible bound the horizon has become wider and sharper of outline than before. There is life in that great sea, invertebrate—mayhap, also, ichthyic—life; but, from the comparative distance of the point of view occupied by the prophet, only the slow roll of its waves can be discerned, as they rise and fall in long undulations before a gentle gale; and what most strongly impresses the eye is the change which has taken place in the atmospheric scenery.

4. That lower stratum of the heavens, occupied in the previous vision by seething steam or gray, smoke-like fog, is clear and transparent; and only in an upper region, where the previously invisible vapor of the tepid sea has thickened in the cold, do the clouds appear. But there, in the higher strata of the atmosphere, they lie, thick and manifold, an upper sea of great waves, separated from those beneath by the transparent firmament, and, like them too, impelled in rolling masses by the wind. A

mighty advance has taken place in creation ; but its most conspicuous optical sign is the existence of a transparent atmosphere, of a firmament stretched out over the earth, that separates the waters above from the waters below. But darkness descends for the third time upon the seer, for the evening and the morning have completed the second day.

5. Yet again the light rises under a canopy of cloud ; but the scene has changed, and there is no longer an unbroken expanse of sea. The white surf breaks, at the distant horizon, on an insulated reef, formed, mayhap, by the Silurian or old red coral zoophytes ages before, during the bygone yesterday, and beats in long lines of foam, nearer at hand, against a low, winding shore, the seaward barrier of a widely-spread country. For at the divine command the land has arisen from the deep,—not inconspicuously and in scattered islets, as at an earlier time, but in extensive, though flat and marshy continents little raised over the sea-level ; and a yet farther fiat has covered them with the great Carboniferous flora.

6. The scene is one of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees,—of palms and tree-ferns and gigantic club-mosses on the opener slopes, and of great reeds clustering by the sides of quiet lakes and dark-rolling rivers. There is deep gloom in the recesses of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank marsh or sluggish stream. But there is a general lightening of the sky overhead ; and as the day declines, a redder flush than had hitherto lighted up the prospect falls athwart fern-covered bank and long-withdrawing glade.

7. And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet he becomes sensible, as it wears on and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place.

The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue ; and as day rises, and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun rises out of the sea and enters on his course rejoicing.

8. It is a brilliant day. The waves, of a deeper and softer hue than before, dance and sparkle in the light ; the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green ; and as the sun declines amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full-orbed in the east,—to the human eye, the second great luminary of the heavens,—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

9. Again the day breaks : the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine woods, reed-covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes ; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands, or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic food ; while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas, or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods.

10. And ocean has its monsters : great leviathans tempest the deep as they heave their huge bulk over the surface to inhale the life-sustaining air ; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke as out of a “ seething pot or caldron.” Monstrous creatures armed in massive scales haunt the rivers or scour the flat, rank meadows ; earth, air, and water are charged with animal life ; and the sun sets on a busy scene,

in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends,—the support and preservation of the individual and the protection and maintenance of the young.

11. Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed; and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the fields graze on the plains; the thick-skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food among the young herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and the bear—harbor in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets or beneath some broken bank.

12. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene; and the work of creation ceases forever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow, the morrow of God's rest,—that divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labor, and which, "blessed and sanctified" beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and redemption of man. And over *it* no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete.

13. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old to

"The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos,"

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Vouch sāfed', *permitted*. Āu rō'rà, *the rising light of the morning*. E nūn'cī āt ed, *stated formally; announced*. 3. In vēr'te brate, *without a spinal column*. Īeh'thy ie, *pertaining to fishes*. 4. Ōp'tie al, *visible*. 5. Īn'su lā ted, *standing alone*. Sī-lū'ri an, *belonging to the older divisions of geological time*. Zō'ophytes, *animals partaking of the nature of both plants and animals; polyps*. Fī'at, *a command*. Cār bon Īf'er oūs, *coal-producing*. Flō'rà, *the entire vegetable production of a country or period*. 6. Slūg'gish, *slow*. Glāde, *an open passage through a wood*. 7. Trans mūt'ed, *transformed*. 8. Zē'nith, *the point in the heavens directly overhead*. 10. Le vī'a thans, *aquatic animals described in the twelfth chapter of the book of Job*.

NOTES.—1. The Midian desert is between the north side of the Arabian Gulf and the Plains of Moab. The latter are east of the lower part of the Jordan River and the Dead Sea.

St. John in Patmos. Patmos is an island off the west coast of Asia Minor. In a grotto attached to a convent on the island is the supposed abode where the apostle John (who had been banished thither by the Roman Emperor Domitian, A. D. 94) saw the visions recorded in the book of Revelation.

44.—THE GRASP OF THE DEAD.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON was born in London in 1802; her childhood was spent at the home of a relative in Hertfordshire. Her first poems appeared in the *Literary Gazette* in 1820. Afterward she published several volumes of poetry, of which *Improriatrice* was the most famous; she also wrote several novels, which, however, are now completely forgotten. Her poems are romantic, and possess a melodious rhythm, to which they owe their chief charm. She died October 15, 1838.

1. 'Twas the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
 Looked down on the dead and dying;
 And the wind passed o'er, with a dirge and a wail,
 Where the young and the brave were lying.
2. With his father's sword in his red right hand,
 And the hostile dead around him,
 Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
 And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

3. A reckless rover 'mid death and doom
Passed—a soldier, his plunder seeking ;
Careless he stept where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.
4. Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it :
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.
5. He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him ;
And he honored the brave who died sword in hand,
As with softened brow he leaned o'er him :
6. " A soldier's death thou hast boldly died ;
A soldier's grave won by it :
Before I would take that sword from thy hand,
My own life's blood should dye it.
7. " Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee,
Or the coward to insult the gallant dead
Who in life had trembled before thee."
8. Then dug he a grave in the crimsoned earth
Where his warrior-foe was sleeping ;
And he laid him there in honor and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Dĩrge*, mournful music. 3. *Rēek'ing*, giving forth warm, moist vapor. 7. *Băt'ten*, to fatten.

45.—THE NEWS FROM LEXINGTON.

GEORGE BANCROFT was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800. After he was graduated from Cambridge, he went abroad to study in Germany. His most important work is the *History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent*. An English critic describes this work as one of great research, and says, "While the author states his opinions decidedly and strongly, it is pervaded by a fair and just spirit. The style is vigorous, clear, and frank, not often rising into eloquence, but frequently picturesque. It is a national work, and worthy of its great theme."

1. DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war-message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village, the sea to the backwoods, the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne north and south and east and west throughout the land.

2. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and, ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean-river till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec.

3. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day in New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg.

4. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onward, and still onward, through boundless groves of evergreen, to Newbern and to Wilmington.

“For God’s sake, forward it by night and by day!” wrote Cornelius Harnett by the express which sped for Brunswick.

5. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border and despatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettoes and moss-clad live-oaks still farther to the south, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah. Hillsborough and the Mecklenburg district of North Carolina rose in triumph, now that their wearisome uncertainty had its end.

6. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers, that the “loud call” might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring words to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn commemorated the nineteenth day of April by naming their encampment **LEXINGTON**.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Re lāys’*, supplies of horses placed on the road, to be in readiness to relieve others. 2. *Re veil’le* (*re vāl’yā*), the beat of drum, about daybreak, to give notice that it is time for the soldiers to rise. 6. *Ēōm mon wēalth’*, an established form of government; usually applied to governments which are considered free or popular.

NOTES.—4. Cornelius Harnett was an American statesman. He was born in England, but became a citizen of North Carolina before the Revolution, and was afterward a member of the Continental Congress.

5. *The Mecklenburg district of North Carolina.* The patriots of this district adopted a declaration of independence more than a year previous to the general Declaration, made in Philadelphia, July 4, 1776.

6. Lexington, which was formerly the capital of Kentucky, is a thriving town in the north-eastern part of the State.

46.—HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born in Leicestershire, England, October 25, 1800. At the age of eighteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he achieved the highest honors. His poem on *Pompeii* won for him the Chancellor's medal in 1819, and another poem, on *Evening*, gained it for him again in 1820. He wrote numerous ballads and essays, but his most famous works are his *Lays of Ancient Rome* (from which the following extract is taken) and his *History of England from the Accession of James II.* Macaulay's literary acquirements were wonderful, and he ranks among the most eminent of the British essayists. His style is graceful, forcible, and pointed, and has not been surpassed even by those who make beauty of style their chief aim. He died December 23, 1859.

1. BUT the consul's brow was sad,
 And the consul's speech was low ;
And darkly looked he at the wall,
 And darkly at the foe :
 " Their van will be upon us
 Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
 What hope to save the town ? "
2. Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The captain of the gate :
 " To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late ;
And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his gods ?
3. " Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
 , Will hold the foe in play :

In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

4. Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
A Ramnian proud was he :
" Lo ! I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius ;
Of Titian blood was he :
" I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

5. " Horatius," quoth the consul,
" As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three ;
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

6. Now, while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe ;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

7. Meanwhile, the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,

Came, flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

8. The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array :
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

9. Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath ;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth ;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

10. But now no sound of laughter
Was heard amongst the foes :
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose ;

Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

11. But hark ! the cry is Astur ;
And, lo ! the ranks divide,
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

12. He smiled on those bold Romans,—
A smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay ;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way ?"

13. Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius
And smote with all his might :
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh :
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh ;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

14. He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space ;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
 Behind the Tuscan's head.
15. And the great Lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
 A thunder-smitten oak :
Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head.
16. But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius !"
 Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius ! Back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall !"
17. Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back ;
And as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

18. But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.
19. Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,—
“Now yield thee to our grace.”
20. Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome :
21. “O Tiber, Father Tiber,
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day !”

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

22. No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

23. But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain ;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows ;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

24. "Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus ;
"Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town !"
"Heaven help him !" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

25. And now he feels the bottom ;
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands ;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.
26. And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within ;
27. When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows ;
28. When the goodman mends his armor,
 And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom,—
With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told

How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Ėön'sul*, one of the two chief magistrates of Rome. 3. *Sträit*, narrow. 6. *Här'ness*, armor. *Fä'therſ*, senators of ancient Rome. 8. *Vän'güärd*, the troops who march in front of an army. 13. *Dëft'ly*, dexterously. 15. *Äu'gürſ*, those who pretended to foretell future events by omens. 18. *Tür'ret*, a little tower. 20. *Deign'ing*, condescending. *Päl a tī'nus*, one of the seven hills of Rome. 24. *Säcked*, plundered.

NOTES.—*Hō rā'tijus*, surnamed *Ėö'elëſ*, "the one-eyed," on account of the loss of an eye. Polybius the historian relates that he defended the bridge alone and perished in the Tiber.

4. *Räm'nī an*, *Tī'tian*. The Romans were divided into three tribes,—the *Rammes*, who claimed descent from Romulus; the *Tities*, from Tattius, the Sabine king; and the *Luceres*, from Lucumo, an Etruscan chief who had assisted the Romans in their war with the Sabines.

7. *Tūs'ean*. Tuscany, Lucca, and that part of the Roman States on the right bank of the Tiber formed what was known as Etruria.

11. *Lord of Lū'na*. Luna was an Etruscan city, about four miles from what is now known as the Gulf of Spezia. Luna was celebrated for its quarries of white marble, now called Carrara.

12. *The she-wolf's litter* alludes to the story that Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were exposed like the "Babes in the Wood," and saved by a wolf, who suckled them.

19. *Sëx'tus*, the son of Tarquin, the last king of Rome. They were both banished by the Romans on account of their crimes.

19. *Lärg Pör'se nā*, or *Por sën'nā*, King of the Etruscan town of Clusium. The Tarquins had taken refuge with this king, who marched a vast army against Rome in order to restore them.

26. *Äl'ji dūs*, a range of wood-covered mountains near Rome.

47.—THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

THOMAS HOOD was born in London in 1793. He began to write when only seventeen years of age. Most of his writings were contributions to magazines or other periodicals, but he also wrote several novels. He was a very accurate observer, and a man of peculiar and original genius. He had great power both as a serious poet and as a humorist, more especially in that lower form of humor which has given him an unrivaled reputation as a punster. His *Bridge of Sighs* and *Song of the Shirt* are among the most perfect examples of pathos in the language. He died May 3, 1845.

1. SOME dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,—
Unnatural and full of contradictions :
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.
2. It might be only on enchanted ground ;
It might be merely by a thought's expansion,
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found
An old deserted mansion,
3. A residence for woman, child, and man,—
A dwelling-place,—and yet no habitation ;
A house, but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication.
4. Unhinged, the iron gates half open hung,
Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
One marble globe in splinters.
5. No dog was at the threshold, great or small ;
No pigeon on the roof,—no household creature ;
No cat demurely dozing on the wall ;
Not one domestic feature.
6. No human figure stirred, to go or come ;
No face looked forth from shut or open casement ;
No chimney smoked : there was no sign of home
From parapet to basement.
7. With shattered panes the grassy court was starred ;
The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after ;
And through the ragged roof the sky shone, barred
With naked beam and rafter.

8. O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.
9. The flower grew wild and rankly as the weed ;
Roses with thistles struggled for espial ;
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
Had overgrown the dial.
10. But, gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration ;
All times and tides were lost in one long term
Of stagnant desolation.
11. The wren had built within the porch, she found
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough ;
And on the lawn—within its turfy mound—
The rabbit made his burrow.
12. The wary crow, the pheasant from the woods,
Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness,
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,
Fed with a "shocking tameness."
13. The coot was swimming in the reedy pond
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted ;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted,—
14. The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.

15. No sound was heard, except, from far away,
The ringing of the whitewall's shrilly laughter,
Or now and then the chatter of the jay,
That Echo murmured after ;
16. But Echo never mocked the human tongue.
Some weighty crime that heaven could not pardon,
A secret curse on that old building hung,
And its deserted garden.
17. The beds were all untouched by hand or tool ;
No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel,
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,
For want of human travel.
18. The pear and quince lay squandered on the grass ;
The mould was purple with unheeded showers
Of bloomy plums : a wilderness it was
Of fruits and weeds and flowers.
19. The marigold amidst the nettles blew ;
The gourd embraced the rose-bush in its ramble ;
The thistle and the stock together grew,
The hollyhock and bramble.
20. The fountain was a-dry : neglect and time
Had marred the work of artisan and mason ;
And efts and croaking frogs, begot of slime,
Sprawled in the ruined basin.
21. On every side the aspect was the same,—
All ruined, desolate, forlorn, and savage ;
No hand or foot within the precinct came
To rectify or ravage.

22. For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
 And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
 The place is haunted.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Fie'tjōņ, *things invented or imagined*. 3. Băn, *curse*. Ėx com mū ni cā'tjōņ, *expulsion from the communion of a church*. 5. De mūre'ly, *with a show of gravity*. 6. Păr'a pět, *a wall or rampart*. 7. Čōp'ing-stōne, *the highest or covering course of masonry in a wall*. 9. Es pī'al, *notice*. Păr a sīt'ie, *living on or deriving nourishment from some other living thing*. Dī'al, *an instrument for showing the time of day from a shadow cast by the sun*. 15. Whit'wall, *the great spotted woodpecker*. 17. Măn'tled, *covered with a scum*. 20. Ėfts, *small lizards*. Be gōt', *born*.

NOTE.—12. *Shocking tameness* refers to the following stanza from Cowper's poem of *Alexander Selkirk* :

"The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see :
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me."

48.—THE SUMMER MONTHS.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL was born in Glasgow, Scotland, October 13, 1797. He was educated at the grammar-school of Paisley. In 1819 he published the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, which contained biographical sketches of the poets of that district. His *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, appeared in 1827. He was connected with several magazines, and in 1830 became editor of the *Glasgow Courier*. He possessed a rich and powerful imagination and great tenderness of feeling. His *Jeanie Morrison* is a poem of surpassing pathos and beauty. He died November 1, 1835.

1. THEY come, the merry summer months
 Of beauty, song, and flowers ;
 They come, the gladsome months that bring
 Thick leafiness to bowers.
2. Up, up, my heart, and walk abroad ;
 Fling cark and care aside :

Seek silent hills, or rest thyself
Where peaceful waters glide ;

3. Or, underneath the shadow vast
Of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky
In rapt tranquillity.

4. The grass is soft : its velvet touch
Is grateful to the hand ;
And, like the kiss of maiden love,
The breeze is sweet and bland ;

5. The daisy and the buttercup
Are nodding courteously :
It stirs their blood with kindest love
To bless and welcome thee.

6. And mark how with thine own thin locks—
They now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning,
And whispering, “ Be gay ! ”

7. There is no cloud that sails along
The ocean of yon sky
But hath its own winged mariners
To give it melody ;

8. Thou seest their glittering fans outspread
All gleaming like red gold ;
And hark ! with shrill pipe musical
Their merry course they hold.

9. God bless them all, those little ones,
Who far above this earth
Can make a scoff of its mean joys
And vent a nobler mirth.
10. But soft ! Mine ear upcaught a sound ;
From yonder wood it came ;
The spirit of the dim green glade
Did breathe his own glad name.
11. Yes, it is he,—the hermit-bird,
That apart from all his kind
Slow spells his beads monotonous
To the soft western wind.
12. Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! he sings again :
His notes are void of art ;
But simplest strains do soonest sound
The deep founts of the heart.
13. Good Lord, it is a gracious boon,
For thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers
Beneath this summer tree ;
14. To suck once more in every breath
Their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams
Of youth's bright summer day,
15. When, rushing forth like untamed colt,
The reckless truant boy
Wandered through green woods all day long,
A mighty heart of joy.

16. I'm sadder now : I have had cause ;
 But, oh, I'm proud to think
 That each pure joy-fount loved of yore
 I yet delight to drink :
17. Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,
 The calm, unclouded sky,
 Still mingle music with my dreams,
 As in the days gone by.
18. When summer's loveliness and light
 Fall round me dark and cold,
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse,—
 A heart that hath waxed old.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Äärk*, *anxiety* ; *solicitude*. 9. *Seöff*, *ridicule*.

49.—ROBERT BURNS.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born at the town of Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, December 4, 1796. He was educated at Annan, and afterward spent some time at the Edinburgh University. He wrote a number of historical and biographical works, and a great variety of critical and miscellaneous essays and translations. His historical writings combine great depth of feeling with the most careful research. His critical essays always show a complete mastery of the subject. In his biographical essays he displays great power in the portrayal of character. He died in 1881. The extract is from his *Essay on Burns*.

1. BURNS first came upon the world as a prodigy, and was in that character entertained by it, in the usual fashion, with loud, vague, tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect, till his early and most mournful death again awakened an enthusiasm for him which—especially as there was now nothing to be done, and much to be spoken—has prolonged itself even to our own time.

2. It is true, the “nine days” have long since elapsed :

and the very continuance of this clamor proves that Burns was no vulgar wonder. Accordingly, even in sober judgments, where, as years passed by, he has come to rest more and more exclusively on his own intrinsic merits, and may now be well-nigh shorn of that casual radiance, he appears not only as a true British poet, but as one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century.

3. Let it not be objected that he did little: he did much, if we consider where and how. If the work performed was small, we must remember that he had his very materials to discover; for the metal he worked in lay hid under the desert moor, where no eye but his had guessed its existence; and we may almost say that with his own hand he had to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model, or with models only of the meanest sort.

4. An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time, and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who stands on the outside of that storehouse and feels that its gates must be stormed or remain forever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains, but no dwarf will hew them down with a pickaxe, and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms. . . .

5. Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business. We are not so sure of this; but, at all events, our concern with Burns is not exclusively that of critics. True and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly

as a poet, but as a man, that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write a tragedy. Time and means were not lent him for this, but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest.

6. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe and perish on his rock "amid the melancholy main," presented to the reflecting mind such a "spectacle of pity and fear" as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. . . .

7. The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognized,—his *sincerity*, his indisputable air of truth. Here are no fabulous woes or joys, no hollow fantastic sentimentalities, no wire-drawn refinings either in thought or feeling: the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding and been a light to his own steps.

8. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience: it is the scenes that he has lived and labored amidst that he describes. Those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul,—noble thoughts and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it with such melody and modulation as he can "in homely rustic jingle;" but it is his own, and genuine. . . .

9. We recollect no poet of Burns's susceptibility who comes before us from the first, and abides with us to the

last, with such a total want of affectation. He is an honest man, and an honest writer. In his successes and his failures, in his greatness and his littleness, he is ever clear, simple, true, and glitters with no luster but his own. We reckon this to be a great virtue,—to be, in fact, the root of most other virtues, literary as well as moral.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pröd'i gy, *a marvel; a wonder*. Vāgue, *indefinite*. Tu mült'ū oūs, *noisy*. 2. In trīn'sie, *genuine; real*. Ėās'ū-al, *accidental*. 4. Tī'tan, *one of the fabled giants of ancient mythology*. 5. Träg'e dy, *a dramatic poem, generally having a fatal issue*. 7. Wire'-drawn, *spun out at great length*. 9. Sus çep ti bī'i ty, *sensibility; feeling*. Āf fee tā'tjōn, *false pretense*.

NOTES.—2. *Nine days* refers to the common expression "A nine days' wonder," indicative of the short duration of public interest in any event.

6. *Sir Hudson Lowe*, the British officer in command at St. Helena during the captivity of Napoleon at that place, from 1816 till his death, in 1821.

50.—RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. He was educated at Cambridge, and after graduating spent some time in traveling abroad. His first work—the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*—was published in 1843, and was followed by *The Conquest of Mexico*, *The Conquest of Peru*, *Philip the Second*, and a supplement to an edition of Robertson's *History of Charles V.* He devoted his life to the arduous labor of an historian, and gained a lasting fame. His style is simple and elegant, and is characterized by a thoroughly impartial spirit. He died January 28, 1859.

1. IN the spring of 1493, while the court was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus announcing his return to Spain and the successful achievement of his great enterprise by the discovery of land beyond the western ocean. The delight and astonishment raised by this intelligence were proportioned to the skepticism with which his project had been originally viewed. The sovereigns were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and other particulars of the im-

portant discovery, and they transmitted instant instructions to the admiral to repair to Barcelona as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

2. The great navigator had succeeded, as is well known, after a voyage the natural difficulties of which had been much augmented by the mistrust and mutinous spirit of his followers, in descrying land on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. After some months spent in exploring the delightful regions now for the first time thrown open to the eyes of a European, he embarked in the month of January, 1493, for Spain. One of his vessels had previously foundered, and another had deserted him; so that he was left alone to retrace his course across the Atlantic. After a most tempestuous voyage, he was compelled to take shelter in the Tagus, sorely against his inclination. He experienced, however, the most honorable reception from the Portuguese monarch, John the Second, who did ample justice to the great qualities of Columbus, although he had failed to profit by them.

3. After a brief delay, the admiral resumed his voyage, and, crossing the bar of Saltes, entered the harbor of Palos about noon on the 15th of March, 1493, being exactly seven months and eleven days since his departure from that port.

4. Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relations or friends on board. They

thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return, while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event.

5. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned. He exhibited, also, considerable quantities of the same metal in dust or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant.

6. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time—which has now lost its force from its familiarity—first revealed the existence of a “new world.” As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop which could afford a glimpse of him is described to have been crowded with spectators.

7. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival.

8. On his approach they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was indeed the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him—which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success purchased by the blood and tears of thousands—were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

9. After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested from Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate and the capacity of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him as evidence of their natural fruitfulness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred less from the specimens

actually obtained than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal in the illumination of a race of men whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared by their extreme simplicity for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine.

10. The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition or avarice or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the *Te Deum* were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Skëp'ti çışm*, *doubt; unbelief*. *Pre lîm'i na ry*, *introductory*. 2. *De serÿ'ng*, *discovering*. 4. *De spönd'ng*, *losing hope*. *Prë ter năt'û ral*, *beyond the ordinary course of nature*. *Ġrăt û lâ'tjôn*, *an expression of joy; congratulation*. 5. *Mûl ti fâ'-ri oûs*, *various*. *Ërude*, *in its natural state*. *Ex öt'ies*, *productions of foreign origin*. *Âr o măt'ie*, *fragrant*. *Păğ'eant*, *a display or exhibition*. 7. *Ëäv a liërs'*, *knights*. 8. *Un prëç'e dent ed*, *without example*. *Thë'o ry*, *doctrine; speculation*. *Söph'ist ry*, *false reasoning*. *Ëön süm'mate*, *perfect*. 9. *Se dâte'*, *composed; calm*. *Exp-pă'ğt ât ed*, *enlarged in discourse*. *Seöpe*, *extended area; range or opportunity*.

51.—THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

JOHN KEATS was born in London, October 29, 1796. He was educated at a private school at Enfield. His earlier poems evince a rich though undisciplined imagination, but the grandeur and sublimity of his later works place him in the first rank of English poets. *The Eve of St. Agnes*,

from which the following extract is taken, has been called "a perfect study in pure color and clear melody." He died at Rome, February 23, 1821, of consumption.

1. ST. AGNES' EVE! Ah, bitter chill it was!

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

* * * *

2. Out went the taper as she hurried in:

Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died;
She closed the door; she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or woe betide!
But to her heart her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side,
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

3. A casement high and triple-arched there was,

All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and
kings.

4. Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon ;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint :
 She seemed a splendid angel newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint :
 She knelt so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Bēads'măn, a man employed in praying, generally for another. Rō'sa ry, a series of prayers, and a string of beads by which they are counted. Čĕns'er, a vase in which incense is burned. 2. Völ'ū ble, rapid in speech. Dĕll, a small retired valley. 3. Quāint, odd ; fanciful. Dăm'asked, highly adorned. Hĕr'ald-riēs, armorial devices. Seŭtch'eon, an escutcheon ; a shield covered with armorial devices. 4. Ġŭles, a red color indicated on escutcheons and the like by straight perpendicular lines.

NOTE.—1. *St. Agnes' Eve*. St. Agnes is the patron saint of innocence and maiden purity. Her day, as set apart in the calendar, is January 21.

52.—THE CULPRIT FAY.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE was born in New York City, August 7, 1795. He chose the medical profession, and after completing his studies went for some little time to Europe. In 1819 he visited New Orleans, in hopes of re-establishing his health, which was delicate. It was of little avail, and he died in 1820, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. He began to write verses when very young, keeping his authorship a secret for some years. His poems were published in book-form after his death. This collection includes, besides the *American Flag* and *The Culprit Fay*, a number of short pieces. *The Culprit Fay*, from which we quote, was written in consequence of a remark made to Drake by a friend—"that it would be difficult to write a fairy-poem, purely imaginary, without the aid of human characters."

1. 'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night :
 The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright ;
 Naught is seen in the vault on high
 But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,

And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest :
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below ;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut-bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark,
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

2. The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below ;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid,
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
Who moans unseen and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

3. 'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell ;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well :
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,

And he has awakened the sentry elfe
 Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
 To bid him ring the hour of twelve
 And call the fays to their revelry ;
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell
 ('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell) :
 "Midnight comes, and all is well !
 Hither, hither wing your way !
 'Tis the dawn of the fairy-day."

4. They come from beds of lichen green,
 They creep from the mullein's velvet screen ;
 Some on the backs of beetles fly
 From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
 Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
 And rocked about in the evening breeze ;
 Some from the hum-bird's downy nest,—
 They had driven him out by elfin power,
 And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
 Had slumbered there till the charmed hour ;
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
 With glittering ising-stars inlaid ;
 And some had opened the four-o'clock
 And stole within its purple shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,—
 Above, below, on every side,—
 Their little minim forms arrayed
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Wël'kin, *the vault of heaven*. Rîfts, *openings*.
 2. Whîst, *hushed*. 3. Fāys, *fairies*. 4. Ēlf'in, *pertaining to fairies*.
 5. Ī'sing-stārs, *small pieces of mica or isinglass*. Mîn'im, *very small*.
 Trîek'sy, *artful*.

NOTE.—1. Ērō'nĕst, a mountain-peak in the State of New York, on the Hudson River.

53.—THE CORAL GROVE.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL was born at Berlin, Connecticut, September 15, 1795. He was graduated from Yale College, and studied medicine, but never practiced the profession. When quite young, he published his first poem,—a burlesque of the manners and customs of the people of his day. He afterward wrote numerous articles, both in prose and in poetry. His poems are rich in imagination, abound in beautiful sentiments finely expressed, and have for most readers an indescribable charm. He died May 2, 1856.

1. DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove ;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
2. The floor is of sand, like the mountain-drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.
3. The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
4. There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
5. There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

6. And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own ;
7. And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of Ocean roar,
When the Wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore,—
8. Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the beiding twigs of the coral grove.

DEFINITIONS.—7. Mürk'y, *dark ; gloomy*. Mÿr'iad, *numberless*.

54.—THANATOPSIS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Hampshire County, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. He studied at Williams College, but left before the completion of the course, in order to take up the study of the law. In 1813, when only nineteen years of age, he wrote *Thanatopsis*, his first poem. He afterward wrote *The Death of the Flowers*, *A Forest Hymn*, *The African Chief*, *The Indian Girl's Lament*, *The Song of Marion's Men*, and some others. He also translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. His poems are full of imagination and sympathy, and in beauty of expression and sublimity of thought are unsurpassed by anything of their kind in the English language. He died in 1878.

1. To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language : for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

2. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image.
3. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.
4. Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,

The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.

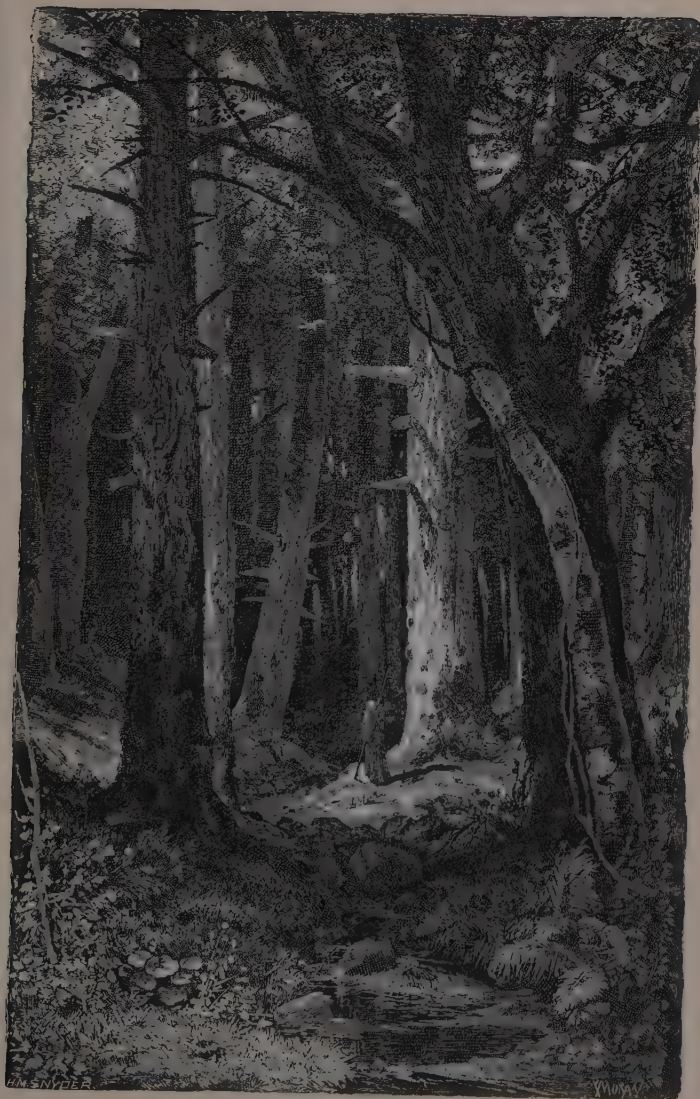
7. So live that, when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan which moves
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

DEFINITIONS.—Thăn a tǒp'sis, *a view of or meditation on death.*

3. Re şǒlved', *dissolved.* Swāin, *a rustic.* 4. Pěn'sive, *thoughtful; sober.* 5. Băr'ean, *pertaining to Barca, a country of North Africa.*

55.—A FOREST HYMN.

1. THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
 Amid the cool and silence he knelt down,
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once



A FOREST HYMN.

(Page 189.)

The fresh moist ground,—are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship ; Nature here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes ; and yon clear spring, that 'midst its herbs
Wells softly forth, and wandering steepes the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does.

4. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince
In all that proud old world beyond the deep
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

5. My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me,—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works, I read

The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo ! all grow old and die ; but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them.

6. Oh, there is not lost
One of Earth's charms : upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death ; yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

7. There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them ; and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble, and are still.

8. O God ! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire

The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
 With all the waters of the firmament
 The swift, dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities,—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face
 Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad, unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of Thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ä'r'ehi tråve, *an ornament which rests immediately on a column.* Ä'n'them's, *church music adapted to passages from the Scriptures.* Dä'r'k'ling, *dark.* Söp pli eä'tjion, *prayer.* Swäyed, *bent; moved.* In æ çäss'i ble, *not to be approached.* Sän'et'ü a rie's, *holy places.* Ae çëpt'änge, *favor.* 2. Com mün'jion, *intercourse.* 3. Tran quill'li ty, *quietness; a calm state.* 4. Gränd'eūr, *splendor of appearance.* An nī'hi lāt ed, *reduced to nothing.* Çör'o nal, *crown.* Ēm a nā'tjion, *outgrowth.*

56.—THE SUNBEAM.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS was born in Liverpool, September 25, 1794. She manifested a taste for poetry at an early age. Her first volume, published in 1808, contained a few pieces written when she was but ten years old. Some of her works are *The Vespers of Palermo; The Siege of Valencia; The Last Constantine, and Other Poems; The Forest Sanctuary; National Lyrics and Songs for Music; and Scenes and Hymns of Life.* Her poems are sweet, natural, and pleasing. Her lyrics are her finest productions; some of them are perfect in pathos and sentiment. She died in Dublin, May 16, 1835.

1. THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall :
A joy thou art and a wealth to all,
A bearer of hope unto land and sea :
Sunbeam, what gift has the world like thee?
2. Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles :
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles ;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor, like words from home.
3. To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades ;
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow
Like fireflies glance to the pools below.
4. I looked on the mountains : a vapor lay,
Folding their heights in its dark array ;
Thou brakest forth, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.
5. I looked on the peasant's lowly cot :
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot ;
But a gleam of thee on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.
6. To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender light on the ruin's head.
7. Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a-flood of burning gold.

8. And thou turnest not from the humblest grave
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave ;
Thou scatter'st its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.
9. Sunbeam of summer, oh, what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea ?
One thing is like thee, to mortals given :
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

DEFINITIONS.—3. *Är cādes'*, *series of arches or arched walks.* 7. *Trō'phiēs*, *things taken from an enemy and preserved as memorials of victory.*

57.—THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

1. THEY grew in beauty side by side ;
They filled one home with glee :
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount and stream and sea.
2. The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight :
Where are those dreamers now ?
3. One 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream, is laid :
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade.
4. The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one :
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

5. One sleeps where Southern vines are dressed
 Above the noble slain :
 He wrapped his colors round his breast
 On a blood-red field of Spain.
6. And one,—o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned :
 She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
 The last of that bright band.
7. And parted thus they rest, who played
 Beneath the same green tree,
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee,—
8. They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with songs the hearth.
 Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
 And naught beyond, O Earth !

MRS. HEMANS.

58.—THE CLOUD.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at Field Place, Sussex, England, August 4, 1792. At the age of ten he went to a school near Brentford, thence to Eton, and five years later to University College, Oxford. His works comprise a number of volumes of poetry, essays, and translations. His tragedy of *The Cenci* is held to be one of the best of modern times. Shelley's style is precise, impetuous, brilliant, and vigorous. His poems are often full of abstract subtleties, frail as mist, yet surprisingly beautiful: they deal more frequently with an ideal world than with the world as it is or has been. He was drowned while boating in the Bay of Spezia, Italy, July 8, 1822.

1. I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 ' In their noon-day dreams ;

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun ;
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2. I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder :
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3. The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead,

As on the jag of a mountain-crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

4. That orbéd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.
5. I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
O'er a torrent sea,

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof:
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.
 I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky:
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Ġē'ni ī*, good or evil spirits. 3. *Sān'guine* (*gwin*), having the color of blood; red. *Mē'te or*, a transient fiery or luminous appearance seen in the air or higher up. *Jāg*, a ragged point. *A lit'*, alighted. 4. *Wōōf*, the threads that cross the warp in weaving. *Pēer*, peep. 5. *Sphēre'-fire*, the sun.

59.—AMERICAN ORATORY.

HAYNE.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE was born in the parish of St. Paul, South Carolina, November 10, 1791. He received but a limited education. He commenced to study law when only seventeen, and was admitted to the bar in 1812. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1814, and in 1823 was sent to the United States Senate, where he served for many years, and where he was distinguished for his administrative abilities and for his eloquent speeches opposing a protective tariff. He also contributed numerous articles to *The Southern Review* on various important topics of the time. He died in 1840.

1. WHAT, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle; but, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the

mother-country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations either of interest or safety, they rushed into the conflict; and, fighting for principle, they periled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

2. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina—sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions—proved by her conduct that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

CALHOUN.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN was born at Abbeville, South Carolina, March 18, 1782. He received his education at Yale College. He afterward studied law, and so distinguished himself that in 1811 he was sent to Congress. In 1817 he was made Secretary of War under President Monroe, and managed his office with great ability. In 1824, and again in 1828, he was elected Vice-President of the United States. In the words of Webster, "he was a man of undoubted genius and of commanding talent." He died at Washington, March 31, 1850.

3. THE gentleman from Virginia is at a loss to account for what he calls our hatred to England. He asks, How

can we hate the country of Locke, of Newton, Hampden, and Chatham,—a country having the same language and customs with ourselves, and descending from a common ancestry? Sir, the laws of human affection are steady and uniform. If we have so much to attach us to that country, potent indeed must be the cause which has overpowered it. Yes, there is a cause strong enough,—not in that occult courtly affection which he has supposed to be entertained for France, but it is to be found in continued and unprovoked insult and injury,—a cause so manifest that the gentleman from Virginia had to exert much ingenuity to overlook it. But the gentleman, in his eager admiration of that country, has not been sufficiently guarded in his argument. Has he reflected on the cause of that admiration? Has he examined the reasons of our high regard for her Chatham? It is his ardent patriotism, the heroic courage of his mind, that could not brook the least insult or injury offered to his country, but thought that her interest and honor ought to be vindicated at every hazard and expense. I hope, when we are called upon to admire, we shall also be asked to imitate. I hope the gentleman does not wish a monopoly of those great virtues for England.

WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. He received his early education at home; later on, he spent some months at Phillips Academy, Exeter, and went from there to Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1801. He then studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1805. In 1813 he was sent to Congress, where he made his first speech,—in regard to the Berlin and Milan Decrees of Napoleon. He showed great wisdom and knowledge on financial questions, and commanded the attention of Congress whenever he spoke. "His range of information was so vast, his observation so acute and accurate, his memory so retentive, his command of language so great," that he may justly be considered the greatest orator America has ever produced. He died October 24, 1852.

4. BUT, gentlemen, I will not take my leave of you in a tone of despondency. We may trust that heaven will not forsake us, nor permit us to forsake ourselves. We must strengthen ourselves, and gird up our loins with new resolution; we must counsel each other, and, determined to sustain each other in the support of the Constitution, prepare to meet manfully, and united, whatever of difficulty or of danger, whatever of effort or of sacrifice, the providence of God may call upon us to meet.

5. Are we of this generation so derelict, have we so little of the blood of our Revolutionary fathers coursing through our veins, that we cannot preserve what they achieved? The world will cry out "Shame!" upon us, if we show ourselves unworthy to be the descendants of those great and illustrious men who fought for their liberty, and secured it to their posterity by the Constitution of the United States.

6. Gentlemen, inspiring auspices this day surround us and cheer us. It is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. We should know this even if we had lost our calendars, for we should be reminded of it by the shouts of joy and gladness. The whole atmosphere is redolent of his name; hills and forests, rocks and rivers, echo and re-echo his praises. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day that there is one treasure common to them all; and that is the fame and character of Washington. They recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in future.

7. To the old and the young, to all born in the land, and to all whose love of liberty has brought them from foreign shores to make this the home of their adoption, the name of Washington is this day an exhilarating theme. Amer-

icans by birth are proud of his character, and exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is this day, here, everywhere, all the world over, more an object of love and regard than on any day since his birth.

8. Gentlemen, on Washington's principles and under the guidance of his example will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership our fathers conquered; and under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles will we also conquer. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it through evil report and through good report. We will meet danger, we will meet death, if they come, in its protection; and we will struggle on, in daylight and in darkness,—ay, in the thickest darkness,—with all the storms which it may bring with it, till “Danger’s troubled night is o’er, and the star of Peace return.”

CLAY.

HENRY CLAY was born at the Slashes (a local name for a low swampy country), Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1797. He soon after removed to Lexington, Kentucky, and was elected to the Legislature of that State in 1803. In 1811 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and was chosen Speaker on the very day he took his seat. He was afterward sent to the Senate. He was four times a candidate for the Presidency, and twice received the nomination; but he was not elected. Of the great triumvirate of the Senate,—Calhoun, Webster, and Clay,—it was Clay who best knew how to gain the sympathy of his hearers. His great command of language and his spontaneous eloquence won for him the admiration of the whole nation. He died June 29, 1852.

9. SIR, I am growing old. I have had some little measure of experience in public life; and the result of that experience has brought me to this conclusion,—that when business, of whatever nature, is to be transacted, in a deliberative assembly or in private life, courtesy, forbearance,

and moderation are best calculated to bring it to a successful conclusion. Sir, my age admonishes me to abstain from involving myself in personal difficulties: would to God I could say that I am also restrained by higher motives! I certainly never sought any collision with the gentleman from Virginia. My situation at this time is peculiar, if it be nothing else, and might, I should think, dissuade at least a generous heart from any wish to draw me into circumstances of personal altercation.

10. I have experienced this magnanimity from some quarters of the House, but I regret that from others it appears to have no such consideration. The gentleman from Virginia was pleased to say that, in one point at least, he coincided with me,—in a humble estimate of my grammatical and philological acquirements. I know my deficiencies. I was born to no proud patrimonial estate: from my father I inherited only infancy, ignorance, and indigence. I feel my defects; but, so far as my situation in early life is concerned, I may without presumption say they are more my misfortune than my fault. But, however I regret my want of ability to furnish the gentleman a better specimen of powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say it is not greater than the disappointment of this committee as to the strength of his argument.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Es pouſed', *took up*. Fös'tered, *encouraged*. 3. Pō'tent, *powerful*. Oc eũlt', *secret*. Brōök, *bear or endure*. Vĩn'di eāt ed, *defended with success*. Mo nõp'o ly, *exclusive possession*. 5. Děr'e liet, *unfaithful*. 6. Aũ'spĩ cēs, *omens; signs*. Rěd'o lent, *spreading fragrance*. 7. Eŷ hĩl'a rāt ینگ, *gladdening*. 9. Ad mǝn'ish es, *warns*. Dis suade' (swād'), *to advise against*. Al ter cā'tjǝn, *heated dispute*. 10. Ėō in ċid'ed, *agreed*. Phĩl o lǝg'ie al, *pertaining to the study of language*. Pāt ri mō'ni al, *inherited from ancestors*. Ĩn'di ġeņce, *poverty*.

NOTES.—2. *Whigs*, a name given to the patriots of the American Revolution.

Her Sumters and her Marions. General Sumter was a famous partisan leader in the South during the Revolution. He was born in South Carolina in 1734, and died there in 1832. Reference has already been made to Marion and his men. (See Lesson 31.)

3, 9, and 10. *The gentleman from Virginia.* In both speeches, the gentleman referred to was the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke.

60.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHARLES WOLFE was born at Dublin, December 14, 1791. He was educated first at Winchester, and afterward at the University of Dublin. He wrote most of his poetry while at college. His writings consist of a number of sermons and poems. Though some of the latter were very good, yet they never became popular; and his fame rests chiefly on the following selection, which is indeed a literary gem. He died February 21, 1823.

1. NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
2. We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
3. No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.
6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
7. But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory :
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Corse*, a dead body ; a corpse. 6. Up *bräid'*, reproach. *Rëck*, care.

NOTE.—Sir John Moore, an English general, was killed at the battle of Corunna, Spain, in 1809. The English army gained a victory over the French, under the command of the celebrated Marshal Soult.

61.—DEERSLAYER'S FIRST FIGHT.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789. At the age of thirteen he entered Yale College ; but before he completed the course, he left, to enter the navy as a midshipman. He resigned from the navy in 1811, and soon after published his first novel, *Precanton*, which was followed somewhat later by *The Pioneers*, the first of the celebrated Leather-Stocking tales ; *The Pilot*, his first sea-tale ; *The Spy*, and many others. In 1841 appeared *The Deerslayer*, from which the following extract is taken. It is one of Cooper's best works. Cooper excelled in his description of natural scenery and graphic portrayal of character. He died at Cooperstown, New York, in 1851.

1. WHILE Deerslayer was speaking, he put a foot against the end of the light boat ; and, giving a vigorous shove, he sent it out into the lake a hundred feet or more, where, taking the true current, it would necessarily float past the point and be in no further danger of coming ashore.

2. The savage started at this ready and decided expedient, and his companion saw that he cast a hurried and fierce glance at his own canoe, or that which contained the paddles. The change of manner, however, was but momentary ; and then the Iroquois resumed his air of friendliness, and a smile of satisfaction. " Good !" he repeated, with stronger emphasis than ever. " Young head, old mind. Know how to settle quarrel. Farewell, brother. He go to house in water,—muskrat house. Indian go to camp ; tell chiefs no find canoe."

3. Deerslayer was not sorry to hear this proposal, for he felt anxious to join the females, and he took the offered hand of the Indian very willingly. The parting words were friendly ; and, while the red man walked calmly toward the wood, with the rifle in the hollow of his arm, without once looking back in uneasiness or distrust, the white man moved toward the remaining canoe, carrying his piece in the same pacific manner, it is true, but keeping his eyes fastened on the movements of the other.

4. This distrust, however, seemed to be altogether uncalled for ; and, as if ashamed to have entertained it, the young man averted his look and stepped carelessly up to his boat. Here he began to push the canoe from the shore, and to make his other preparations for departing. He might have been thus employed a minute, when, happening to turn his face toward the land, his quick and certain eye told him at a glance the imminent jeopardy in which his

life was placed. The black, ferocious eyes of the savage were glancing on him, like those of the crouching tiger, through a small opening in the bushes, and the muzzle of his rifle seemed already to be opening in a line with his own body.

5. Then indeed the long practice of Deerslayer as a hunter did him good service. Accustomed to fire with the deer on the bound, and often when the precise position of the animal's body had in a manner to be guessed at, he used the same expedients here. To cock and poise his rifle were the acts of a single moment and a single motion; then, aiming almost without sighting, he fired into the bushes where he knew a body ought to be, in order to sustain the appalling countenance which alone was visible.

6. There was not time to raise the piece any higher or to take a more deliberate aim. So rapid were his movements that both parties discharged their pieces at the same instant, the concussions mingling in one report. The mountains, indeed, gave back but a single echo. Deerslayer dropped his piece, and stood, with head erect, steady as one of the pines in the calm of a June morning, watching the result; while the savage gave the yell that has become historical for its appalling influence, leaped through the bushes, and came bounding across the open ground, flourishing a tomahawk.

7. Still, Deerslayer moved not, but stood with his unloaded rifle fallen against his shoulders, while, with a hunter's habits, his hands were mechanically feeling in the powder-horn and charger. When about forty feet from his enemy, the savage hurled his keen weapon; but it was with an eye so vacant, and a hand so unsteady and feeble, that the young man caught it by the handle as it

was flying past him. At that instant the Indian staggered, and fell his whole length on the ground.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Ex pē'di ent, *contrivance; resort*. 3. Pa çif'-ie, *peaceful*. 4. Īm'mi nent, *near at hand*. Jēop'ard y, *danger*. 6. Con eūş'siōns, *shocks*. 7. Me ehăn'ie ally, *without conscious exertion of will*.

NOTE.—2. Īr'o quois, or Six Nations, is the name given by the French to the Indian confederacy of Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras, the whole being recognized as a distinct branch of the American race.

62.—APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON, was born in London, January 22, 1788. During his early life his mother had not the means to give him a good education, but on the death of his grand-uncle, William, Lord Byron, in 1799, he succeeded to the family estate. He went at once to a private school, and afterward to Harrow. In 1807 he published a collection of poems entitled *Hours of Idleness*. He afterward published several other poetical works, a number of dramas, many criticisms and essays, and some novels. Amongst his best-known works are *Manfred*, *The Giaour*, *The Corsair*, *Lara*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *Don Juan*, and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. He first gained fame as the portrayer of the gloomy and wrathful passions, but he afterward showed that he could depict the humorous with equal ability. His poetry is marked by sublimity of sentiment and beauty of expression. He died April 19, 1824. The following extract is from the last canto of *Childe Harold*.

1. THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin ; his control
Stops with the shore : upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

3. His steps are not upon thy paths ; thy fields
Are not a spoil for him : thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And sendest him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth. There let him lay.
4. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.
5. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee :
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay

Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou ;
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

6. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime,
 The image of Eternity, the throne
 Of the Invisible,—even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
7. And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers : they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

DEFINITIONS.—A pös'tro phe, *a turning away from the real auditory and addressing an absent or imaginary one.* 2. Un knëllèd', *without the tolling of the funeral-bell.* 3. Hăp'ly, *perhaps.* 4. Är'-ma ments, *armed forces.* 6. Gläss'es, *reflects as in a mirror.* 7. Wan'toned, *sported.*

NOTES.—4. *Ar mā'di*, the Spanish fleet fitted out in 1588 by Philip II. of Spain, for the conquest of England.

Traf al gâr', a headland of Spain, on the south-west coast of Cadiz. In the great naval battle off Cape Trafalgar, October 21, 1805, the English, under Lord Nelson (who was killed in the action), gained a complete victory over the combined French and Spanish fleets.

63.—AN INTERVIEW WITH A MALAY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born in Manchester, August 15, 1786. After spending some time at a school in Bath, he went to Oxford. He was a miscellaneous writer, and remarkable chiefly for his magazine articles. His best-known work, *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*, gives his own wretched history. He read extensively and wrote voluminously, and is considered one of the greatest masters of English prose. His mind was never what it might have been had he not become a victim to the habit which he constantly deplored. He died at Edinburgh, December 8, 1859.

1. ONE day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact among English mountains I cannot conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a sea-port about forty miles distant. The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred among the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any.

2. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and doubtless giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down; but when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the opera-house, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done.

3. In a cottage-kitchen, but paneled on the wall with

dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay, his turban and loose trowsers, of dingy white, relieved upon the dark paneling. He had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish, though her native spirit of mountain-intrepidity contended with the feelings of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her.

4. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined than the beautiful English face of the girl and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enameled or veneered with mahogany by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay was a little child from a neighboring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upward at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection.

5. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words,—the Arabic word for barley and the Turkish for opium (madjoon), which I have learnt from *Anastasius*. And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the *Iliad*, considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshiped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbors, for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret.

6. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses, and I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that, if he had traveled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being.

7. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No, there was clearly no help for it. He took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used to opium, and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Ėlon jĕet'ûre*, *guess*. At tĕin'ments, *acquirements*. 2. *Dĭ lĕm'mĕ*, *difficult position*. Re pŭt'ed, *estimated*. Ėx'or ċĭse, *to drive away*. Ė lĕb'o rate, *finished with great care*. Stĕt ũ ĕsque', *having the character of a statue*. Bĕl'lets, *theatrical exhibitions accompanied by music and dancing*. Ŗs ten tĕt'jĕŭs ly, *with great display*. 4. Ėn ĕm'eled, *covered with a glossy surface*. Ve nĕered', *covered with a thin layer of wood*. Re vĕrt'ĭng, *turning back*. 5. Ŗ ri ĕnt'al, *pertaining to the Orient, or East*. 7. Rĕs'pĭte, *relief*.

NOTES.—5. *An as ta'si us* (ăn as tă'zhǐ us), the hero and title of a novel by Thomas Hope (born 1770; died 1831).

Ā'dē lung's Mith ri dā'tēs. Johann Christopher Adelung (born 1732; died 1806). His *Mithridates* was a general history of languages, with the Lord's Prayer as a specimen, in nearly five hundred different languages and dialects.

Ī'i ad, an epic poem, composed by Homer, in twenty-four books, on the destruction of Ilium, the ancient Troy.

64.—THE BROTHER LOCH.

JOHN WILSON was born at Paisley, Scotland, May 18, 1785. In 1797 he entered the University of Glasgow, and in 1803 became a student at Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1806 he won a prize by his poem *On the Study of Greek and Roman Literature*. He afterward wrote a number of poems, but his chief fame rests on his contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, written under the name of "Christopher North." His poetry abounds in tender sentiment, grace, and charming melody. His prose writings exhibit a power of grotesque humor, great subtilty, and strength of expression. He died at Edinburgh, April 3, 1854.

1. BUT the best beloved, if not the most beautiful, of them all was the Brother Loch. It mattered not what was his disposition of genius, every one of us boys, however different might be our other tastes, preferred it far beyond the rest; and, for once that we visited any of them, we visited it twenty times, nor ever once left it with disappointed hopes of enjoyment. It was the nearest, and therefore most within our power; so that we could gallop to it on "Shank's naiggie" well on in the afternoon and enjoy what seemed a long day of delight, swift as flew the hours, before evening prayers.

2. Yet it was remote enough to make us always feel that our race thither was not for every day, and we seldom returned home without an adventure. It was the largest, too, by far, of the four lochs; and, indeed, its area would have held the waters of all the rest. Then there was a charm to our heart, as well as to our imagination, in its name, for tradition assigned it on account of three brothers

that perished in its waters ; and the same name, for the same reason, belongs to many another loch, and to one pool on almost every river.

3. But, above all, it was the loch for angling, and we long kept to perch. What schools ! Not that they were of a very large size,—though pretty well,—but hundreds all nearly the same size gladdened our hearts as they lay, at the close of our sport, in separate heaps on the green sward, more beautiful out of all sight than your silver or golden fishes in a glass vase, where one appears to be twenty and the delusive voracity is all for a single crumb.

4. The trout were allowed to gain their natural size, and that seemed to be about five pounds ; adolescents not unfrequent swam two or three, and you seldom or never saw the smaller fry. But few were the days “good for the Brother Loch.” Perch rarely failed you, for by perseverance you were sure to fall in with a school, and to do murderous work among them. Not so with the trout. We have angled ten hours a day for half a week during the vacation without ever getting a single rise ; nor could even that be called bad sport, for we lived in momentary expectation, mingled with fear, of a monster.

5. Better far from sunrise to sunset never to move a fin than—oh, me miserable !—to hook a huge hero, play him till he comes floating side up, close to the shore, and then to feel the feckless fly leave his lip and begin gamboling in the air, while he wallops away back into his native element and sinks utterly and for evermore into the dark profound. Life loses, at such a moment, all that makes life desirable ; yet, strange ! the wretch lives on, and has not the heart to drown himself, as he wrings his hands and curses his lot and the day he was born.

6. But, thank heaven ! that ghastly fit of fancy is gone, and we imagine one of those dark, scowling, gusty, almost tempestuous days "prime for the Brother Loch." No glare or glitter on the water, no reflection of fleecy clouds, but a black-blue undulating swell, at times turbulent, with now and then a breaking wave,—that was the weather in which the giants fed, showing their backs like dolphins within a fathom of the shore, and sucking in the red hackle among your very feet.

DEFINITIONS.—3. *De lū'sīve*, *deceptive*. 4. *Ād o lēs'cents*, *growing ones*. 5. *Fēek'less*, *worthless*. *Pro found'*, *the deep*. 6. *Ĝhāst'ly*, *horrible*. *Ūn'du lā tīng*, *rising and falling like waves*. *Tār'bu lent*, *agitated*. *Hæk'le*, *a fly for angling*.

NOTES.—1. *Shank's naiggie*, an expression used in Scotland to signify on foot.

4. *Rīse*, the rising of a fish to the surface of the water.

65.—THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE was born at Nottingham, England, March 21, 1785. His first poems appeared as contributions to the *Monthly Mirror*. In 1804 he published a small volume of poems, which, though it did not become popular, yet gained him many friends, Southey among the number. He was now able to go to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he greatly distinguished himself; but the ardor with which he pursued his studies ruined his health. His poetry lacks force, but is graceful and full of sweet and pious sentiment. He died October 19, 1806.

1. WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
2. Hark ! hark ! To God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks :
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3. Once on the raging seas I rode ;
 The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
4. Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose :
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
5. It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
6. Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star,—the Star of Bethlehem !

DEFINITIONS.—1. Mär'shaled, *disposed in order*. Be stüd', *adorn*.
 4. Vĩ'tals, *seat of life*. Stēm, *to resist*. 5. Thrall, *bondage*. 6. Dĩ'-
 a dem, *a jeweled crown*.

66.—THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

JANE TAYLOR was born in London, September 23, 1783. She wrote a number of poems, also a story called *Display*, and contributed many articles to the *Youth's Magazine*. It was in that periodical that the following allegory, now so deservedly popular, first appeared. Her style is lively and attractive, and her writings convey good moral instruction. She died April 12, 1824.

1. AN old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

2. Upon this the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm ; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course ; the wheels remained motionless with surprise ; the weights hung speechless : each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence.

3. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke : " I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking. " Lazy wire !" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

4. " Very good !" replied the pendulum ; " it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness ; you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year as I do."

5. " As to that," said the dial, " is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"—" For all that," resumed the pendulum, " it is very dark here ; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life ; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should

have to tick in the course of the next twenty-four hours. Perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

6. The minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied: "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."—"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, 'I'll stop.'"

7. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that so useful and industrious a person as you are should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time: so have we all, and are likely to do; and, although this may fatigue us to think of, the question is whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you, now, do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

8. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"—"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."—"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one, and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

9. "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.—"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "that

we shall all immediately return to our duty ; for the maids will lie abed till noon if we stand idling thus."

10. Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed ; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever ; and, a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

11. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Īn ef fēet'ū al, *unsuccessful*. Īn sti tūt'ed, *set up ; established*. Fōrm'al, *according to form*. Stāg nā'tjōn, *state of being motionless*. Pro tēst'ed, *declared solemnly*. 7. Ha rāngue', *noisy speech*. Suġ ġēst'jōn, *intimation ; thought*.

67.—A RAINY SUNDAY AT AN INN.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in New York, April 3, 1783. He received only an ordinary school education. At the age of sixteen he began the study of the law, which he afterward abandoned for literary pursuits. His principal works are *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, *The Sketch-Book*, *Crayon Miscellany*, *Bracebridge Hall*, *Tales of a Traveller*, *Life of Columbus*, *Conquest of Granada*, *The Alhambra*, and the *Life of Washington*. The charm of his writings is in their quiet humor and their beauty and freshness. He died at Sunnyside, on the Hudson, November 28, 1859. The extract given is from *Bracebridge Hall*.

1. It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering ; but was still feverish, and obliged to keep within-doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn ! Whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain

pattered against the casements ; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound.

2. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye ; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travelers and stable-boys.

3. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck ; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart ; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapor rising from her reeking hide ; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves ; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp. Everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hardened ducks assembled like boon companions around a puddle and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

4. I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant, vinegar-faced mother ; and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

5. The day continued lowering and gloomy ; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along ; there was no variety even in the rain : it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

6. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal yclept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn ; but the bustle was transient. The coach again whirled on its way, and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes ; the street again became silent ; and the rain continued to rain on.

7. The evening gradually wore away. The travelers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns and breakings-down. They discussed the credit of different merchants and different inns ; after which, they one after another rang for Boots and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers. There was now only one man left,—a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow with a very large sandy head.

8. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with an empty glass standing before him ; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and

black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travelers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Quëst, *search*. Tiled, covered with thin pieces of baked clay called tiles. 5. Low'er ing, *threatening*. Mo nôt'o-noûs, *continued with dull uniformity*. Häek'neyed, *much worn*. Cow'er ing, *crouching in fear*. 6. Nön'de scriïpt, *indescribable*. Y'elëpt', *called*. Pûr'lieûs, *the outer portions*. 7. Ple thör'ie, *overly full*.

NOTES.—1. *Derby* (där'by), a borough in England, the capital of the county of the same name.

5. *Upper Benjamin*, an overcoat.

68.—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin, May 28, 1780. At the age of fourteen he went to the Dublin University; while there he translated the *Odes of Anacreon*, in the hope of obtaining a prize, but in this he was disappointed. He published several works, poetical, biographical, and historical. His best-known productions are *Lalla Rookh* and *Irish Melodies*; the latter are full of true feeling, and are the most popular of his writings. His style is light and graceful, and abounds in polished satire. He died February 25, 1852.

1. THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
2. Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill:
 Oh no! it was something more exquisite still.

3. 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4. Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should
 cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

NOTE.—4. *Sweet vale of Avoca.* A vō'ea is the name of a valley and a river of Ireland, county of Wicklow. The river is formed by the "meeting of the waters" of the Avonbeg and Avonmore.

69.—I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

1. I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining :
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

2. And such is the fate of our life's early promise,—
 So passing, the spring-tide of joy we have known :
 Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
 And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone.

3. Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night :
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
 morning ;
 Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best
 light.

4. Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in
burning,
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame?

THOMAS MOORE.

70.—AFTER THE STORM.

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone ;
When waning winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn ;
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm
In gratitude for this sweet calm,
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them ;
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal-breezes of their own,
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs !

THOMAS MOORE.



AFTER THE STORM.

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71.—MAN NEVER SATISFIED.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING was born at Pleasant Valley, New York, August 22, 1779. He struggled hard to gain an education, and deserved the success which at last crowned his efforts. Among his best works are *The Backwoodsman*, *Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham*, *Life of Washington*, and *The Dutchman's Fireside*. One of his favorite modes of writing was to embody in a short story some piece of practical wisdom or sound morality; of this, the following extract is a good example. His works are marked by a peculiar vein of humor, and are very attractive. He died April 6, 1860.

1. ONE night, as Haroun Al Raschid was perambulating the streets of Bagdad in disguise, accompanied by his vizier and his executioner, in passing a splendid mansion he overheard, through the lattice of a window, the complaints of some one who seemed in the deepest distress, and, silently approaching, looked into an apartment exhibiting all the signs of wealth and luxury. On a sofa of satin embroidered with gold and sparkling with brilliant gems he beheld a man richly dressed, in whom he recognized his favorite boon companion, Bedreddin, on whom he had showered wealth and honors with more than Eastern prodigality. He was stretched out on the sofa, slapping his forehead, tearing his beard, and moaning piteously, as if in the extremity of suffering. At length, starting up on his feet, he exclaimed in tones of despair, "O Allah, I beseech thee to relieve me from my misery and take away my life!"

2. The Commander of the Faithful, who loved Bedreddin, pitied his sorrows, and, being desirous to know their cause, that he might relieve them, knocked at the door, which was opened by a black slave, who, on being informed that they were strangers in want of food and rest, at once admitted them and informed his master, who called them into his presence and bade them welcome. A plentiful feast was spread before them, at which the master of the

house sat down with his guests, but of which he did not partake, but looked on, sighing bitterly all the while.

3. The Commander of the Faithful at length ventured to ask him what caused his distress and why he refrained from partaking of the feast with his guests in proof that they were welcome. "Has Allah afflicted thee with disease, that thou canst not enjoy the blessings he has bestowed? Thou art surrounded by all the splendor that wealth can procure; thy dwelling is a palace, and its apartments are adorned with all the luxuries which captivate the eye or administer to the gratification of the senses. Why is it, then, O my brother, that thou art miserable?"

4. "True, O stranger," replied Bedreddin, "I have all these. I have health of body; I am rich enough to purchase all that wealth can bestow; and if I required more wealth and honors, I am the favorite companion of the Commander of the Faithful, on whose head lie the blessing of Allah, and of whom I have only to ask to obtain all I desire, save one thing only."—"And what is that?" asked the Caliph.—"Alas! I adore the beautiful Zuleima, whose face is like the full moon, whose eyes are brighter and softer than those of the gazelle, and whose mouth is like the seal of Solomon. But she loves another, and all my wealth and honors are as nothing. The want of one thing renders the possession of every other of no value. I am the most wretched of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be a blessing."

5. "By the beard of the Prophet," cried the Caliph, "I swear thy case is a hard one. But Allah is great and powerful, and will, I trust, either deliver thee from thy burden or give thee strength to bear it." Then, thanking Bedreddin for his hospitality, the Commander of the Faithful departed with his companions.

6. Taking their way toward that part of the city inhabited by the poorer classes of people, the Caliph stumbled over something in the obscurity of night, and was nigh falling to the ground ; at the same moment a voice cried out, "Allah preserve me ! Am I not wretched enough already, that I must be trodden under foot by a wandering beggar, like myself, in the darkness of night ?" Mesrour, the executioner, indignant at this insult to the Commander of the Faithful, was preparing to cut off his head, when Al Raschid interposed, and inquired of the beggar his name, and why he was there sleeping in the streets at that hour of the night.

7. "Mashallah !" replied he ; "I sleep in the street because I have nowhere else to sleep ; and if I were to lie on a satin sofa, my pains and infirmities would rob me of rest. Whether on divans of silk or in the dirt, it is all one to me ; for neither by day nor by night do I know any rest. If I close my eyes for a moment, my dreams are of nothing but feasting ; and I awake only to feel more bitterly the pangs of hunger and disease."

8. "Hast thou no home to shelter thee, no friends or kindred to relieve thy necessities or administer to thine infirmities ?"—"No," replied the beggar ; "my house was consumed by fire, my kindred are all dead, and my friends have deserted me. Alas, stranger, I am in want of everything,—health, food, clothing, home, kindred, and friends. I am the most wretched of mankind, and death alone can relieve me."—"Of one thing, at least, I can relieve thee," said the Caliph, giving him his purse. "Go and provide thyself food and shelter ; and may Allah restore thy health !"

9. The beggar took the purse, but, instead of calling down blessings on the head of his benefactor, exclaimed, "Of what use is money ? It cannot cure disease." And

the Caliph again went on his way, with Giafar his vizier and Mesrour his executioner. Passing from the abodes of want and misery, they at length reached a splendid palace; and, seeing lights glimmering from the windows, the Caliph approached, and, looking through the silken curtains, beheld a man walking backward and forward with languid steps, as if oppressed with a load of cares. At length, casting himself down on a sofa, he stretched out his limbs, and, yawning desperately, exclaimed, "O Allah! what shall I do? what will become of me? I am weary of life: it is nothing but a cheat, promising what it never purposes, and affording only hopes that end in disappointment, or, if realized, only in disgust."

10. The curiosity of the Caliph being awakened to know the cause of his despair, he ordered Mesrour to knock at the door; which being opened, they pleaded the privilege of strangers to enter for rest and refreshments. Again, in accordance with the precepts of the Koran and the custom of the East, the strangers were admitted to the presence of the lord of the palace, who received them with welcome and directed refreshments to be brought. But, though he treated his guests with kindness, he neither sat down with them, nor asked any questions, nor joined in their discourse, walking back and forth languidly and seeming oppressed with a heavy burden of sorrows.

11. At length the Caliph approached him reverently, and said, "Thou seemest sorrowful, O my brother! If thy suffering is of the body, I am a physician, and peradventure can afford thee relief; for I have traveled into distant lands, and collected very choice remedies for human infirmity."—"My sufferings are not of the body, but of the mind," answered the other.—"Hast thou lost the beloved of thy heart, the friend of thy bosom, or been

disappointed in the attainment of that on which thou hast rested all thy hopes of happiness?"

12. "Alas, no! I have been disappointed, not in the means, but in the attainment of happiness. I want nothing but a want. I am cursed with the gratification of all my wishes and the fruition of all my hopes. I have wasted my life in the acquisition of riches that only awakened new desires, and honors that no longer gratify my pride or repay me for the labor of sustaining them. I have been cheated in the pursuit of pleasures that weary me in the enjoyment, and am perishing for lack of excitement of some new want. I have everything I wish, yet enjoy nothing."

13. "Thy case is beyond my skill," replied the Caliph; and the man cursed with the fruition of all his desires turned his back on him in despair. The Caliph, after thanking him for his hospitality, departed with his companions, and when they had reached the street exclaimed, "Allah preserve me! I will no longer fatigue myself in a vain pursuit, for it is impossible to confer happiness on such a perverse generation. I see it is all the same, whether a man wants one thing, everything, or nothing. Let us go home and sleep."

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Per ăm'bū lā tīng*, walking about. *Vīz'ier*, councilor of state. *Āl'lāh*, the Arabic name of the Supreme Being. 7. *Dī vāṅs'*, cushioned seats. 10. *Kō'ran*, the Scriptures of the Mohammedans. 11. *Pēr ad vēnt'ūre*, by chance; perhaps. 12. *Fru-ī'tjōn*, fulfillment. 13. *Pēr vērse'*, stubborn.

NOTES.—1. *Ha roun' Āl Rāsch'id* ("Haroun the Just") is chiefly celebrated as the hero of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. He was Caliph from 786 to 809 A. D. *Ġiā'far* was his favorite prime minister.

Bāḡ'dād, a celebrated city of Asiatic Turkey, situated on both sides of the river Tigris; formerly the capital of the empire of the Caliphs.

2. *Commander of the Faithful*, a title given to the Caliphs.

72.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, July 27, 1777. He was educated at the university of his native town, and distinguished himself in spite of the difficulties which arose from his straitened circumstances. In 1826 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, which he considered the greatest honor of his life. As a lyrical poet Campbell ranks very high; his genius and taste resemble those of Gray. Among his best poems are *The Pleasures of Hope*, *Lochiel's Warning*, *Hohenlinden*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, and *O'Connor's Child*, the latter being an exquisitely-finished and pathetic story. He died June 15, 1844.

1. A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."
2. "Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."
3. "And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather."
4. "His horsemen hard behind us ride:
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"
5. Out spoke the hardy Highland wight:
"I'll go, my chief: I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

6. "And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."
7. By this the storm grew loud apace :
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.
8. But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men ;
Their trampling sounded nearer.
9. "Oh haste thee, haste," the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."
10. The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.
11. And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing ;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore :
His wrath was changed to wailing ;
12. For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

13. "Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
 "Across this stormy water ;
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief.
 My daughter ! oh, my daughter !"

14. 'Twas vain ! The loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

DEFINITIONS.—5. *Wight*, a being ; a person. *Win'some*, gay ; light-hearted.

NOTE.—2. *Ul'ra's isle*, an island of the inner Hebrides, county of Argyle, Scotland.

7. *Water-wraith* (*rāth*'), a spirit supposed to preside over the waters.

73.—THE EXILE OF ERIN.

1. THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin ;
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;
 For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.
2. "Sad is my fate !" said the heart-broken stranger.
 "The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger :
 A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again in the green sunny bowers
 Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh.

3. "Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
 But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
 O cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.
4. "Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild-wood ?
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall ?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
 And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all ?
 Oh, my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
 Tears like the rain-drops may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.
5. "Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,—
 Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh !
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh !"

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

DEFINITIONS.—1. E mō'tjōn, *strong feeling*. Ān'them, *a song of praise*. 2. Cōv'ert, *a shelter*. Nūm'bers, *poetry*. 3. De plōrē', *to lament*. 4. Fāst, *near ; close*. Dōte, *to be excessively or foolishly fond*. Rāpt'ūre, *extreme joy or pleasure*.

NOTE.—5. Ē'rīn mā vour'neen (vōr'), Ē'rīn gō bragh (brā), "Ireland my darling, Ireland for ever !"

74.—BARBARA S—.

CHARLES LAMB ("Elia") was born February 18, 1775. He was educated at Christ's Hospital. His first poems appeared in a small volume, together with some by Coleridge. Afterward he wrote other poems and a number of essays. His fame rests chiefly upon his *Essays*. His style is graceful and quaint, reflecting as it does the kindly humor as well as the eccentricities of the author. He died December 27, 1834.

1. ON the noon of the fourteenth of November, 1743,—or '4: I forget which it was,—just as the clock had struck one, Barbara S—, with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long rambling staircase with awkward interposed landing-places which led to the office, or rather a sort of a box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then treasurer of the Old Bath Theater. All over the island it was the custom—and remains so, I believe, to this day—for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

2. This little maid had just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theater, as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and her behavior. You would have taken her to be at least five years older.

3. At the period I commenced with, her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters. I must throw a veil over some mortifying circumstances. Enough to say that her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's (generally their only) meal of meat. This was the little, starved, meritorious maid who stood before old Ravenscroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

4. Ravenscroft was a man, I have heard many old

theatrical people besides herself say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and, summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient, blessed himself that it was no worse. Now, Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half-guinea. By mistake, he popped into her hand—a whole one.

5. Barbara tripped away. She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake, and Ravenscroft would never have discovered it. But when she had got down to the first of those uncouth landing-places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand. Now mark the dilemma.

6. She was by nature a good girl. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought of it as something which concerned grown-up people,—men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

7. Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it: she saw *that* in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! And then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened and her mouth moistened.

8. But then Mr. Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, had stood her friend behind the scenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her little parts. But, again, the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money : he was supposed to have fifty pounds a year, clear of the theater. And then came staring upon her the figures of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters.

9. And when she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation at the theater had made it indispensable for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same, and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been precluded from doing by reason of their unfashionable attire,—in these thoughts she reached the second landing-place. The second, I mean, from the top, for there was still another left to traverse.

10. Now, Virtue, support Barbara ! And that never-failing friend did step in ; for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her,—a reason above reasoning ; and, without her own agency as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move), she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the hand of old Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes which to her were anxious ages ; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

11. A year or two's unrepinning application to her profession brightened up the feet and the prospects of her little sisters, set the whole family upon their legs again,

and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place. I have heard her say that it was a surprise not much short of mortification to her to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference which had caused her such mortal throes.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Stī'pend, *wages*. 2. Ae erue', *to proceed*. 3. Pīt'tançe, *small allowance*. 5. Un equth', *awkward*. 6. Im bībed', *received into the mind*. 7. Bīt, *a quantity*. 9. Pre elūd'ed, *shut out*. 11. Ūn re pīn'ing, *without complaining*. Dōg'mās, *doctrines*. Thrōēs, *agonies*.

NOTES.—1. *The island*. Great Britain is usually familiarly spoken of as "the island."

6. *Porticoes of moral philosophy*, places where moral philosophy is taught.

75.—THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, poet-laureate, essayist, and historian, was born at Bristol, England, August 12, 1774. After several years at Westminster School, he entered Baliol College, Oxford. He began his poetical career with the publication of the revolutionary poem of *Wat Tyler* in 1794, and between 1802 and 1814 wrote *Thalaba*, *Madoc*, *The Curse of Kehama*, and *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*. The works which keep Southey's name before the latest generation of readers are his biographies of John Wesley and Lord Nelson, from the latter of which the prose extract is taken. Although a most ambitious and voluminous writer, he never became popular. He died March 21, 1843.

1. It was a summer evening ;
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.
2. She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,

Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found :
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory.

4. “ I find them in the garden,
For there’s many hereabout ;
And often, when I go to plow,
T^h plowshare turns them out.
“ For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in that great victory.”

5. “ Now, tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.”

6. “ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ Who put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That ’twas a famous victory.

7. "My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.
8. "With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide ;
And many a nursing-mother then,
And new-born baby, died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.
9. "They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.
10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl !" quoth he ;
"It was a famous victory.
11. "And everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last ?"
Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he ;
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

NOTE.—The battle of Bl  n’he  m was fought near the town of Blenheim, in Bavaria, August 13, 1704. John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and Prince Eugene of Savoy were in command of the English and allied forces, against those of France and Bavaria. The opposing armies were nearly equal in numbers, but the French and Bavarians were defeated with great slaughter. This “famous victory” cost the lives of at least twenty thousand men.

76.—NELSON AT THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

1. THE two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action, and the others had in that time suffered so severely that victory was already certain. The third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half-past eight. Meantime, Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langrage-shot. Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal : Nelson himself thought so. A large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye, and, the other being blind, he was in total darkness.

2. When he was carried down, the surgeon, with a natural and pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. “No !” said Nelson ; “I will take my turn with my brave fellows.” Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound was mortal and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, he called the

chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson.

3. He then sent for Captain Louis on board from the *Minotaur*, that he might thank him personally for the great assistance which he had rendered to the *Vanguard*, and, ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy, from the brig, to the command of his own ship, Captain Berry having to go home with the news of the victory. When the surgeon came, in due time, to examine the wound (for it was in vain to entreat him to let it be examined sooner), the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was merely superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his life was in no danger.

4. The surgeon requested, and, as far as he could, ordered, him to remain quiet; but Nelson could not rest. He called for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded, and was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the admiral that he was unable to write. The chaplain was then sent for; but, before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. He was now left alone, when suddenly a cry was heard on the deck that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed, and, to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, while he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

5. It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys was dead: he had received

three wounds, yet would not leave his post ; a fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted, and the oil-jars and paint-buckets were lying on the deck. By the prodigious light of this conflagration the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colors of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the ship blew up, with a shock which was felt to the very bottom of every vessel. Many of her officers and men jumped overboard, some clinging to the spars and pieces of wreck with which the sea was strewn, others swimming to escape from the destruction which they momentarily dreaded. Some were picked up by our boats, and some, even in the heat and fury of the action, were dragged into the lower ports of the nearest British ships by the British sailors. The greater part of her crew, however, stood the danger till the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck.

6. This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful. The firing immediately ceased on both sides, and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been exploded. It is upon record that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake : such an event would be felt like a miracle ; but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever equaled the sublimity of this coinstantaneous pause and all its circumstances.

7. About seventy of the *Orient's* crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished were the commodore, *Casa-Bianca*, and his son, a

brave boy only ten years old. They were seen floating on a shattered mast when the ship blew up.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Lăn'grage, a kind of shot consisting of bolts, nails, and other pieces of iron fastened together. 3. Sū per fī'cjā, not deep. 6. Ćō in stan tā'ne oūs, happening at the same instant.

NOTES.—The battle of the Nile was a great naval engagement between the English and the French, near the mouth of the Nile, in which the former were victorious. It was fought August 1, 1798.

1. Horatio Nelson, the commander of the British fleet, England's greatest naval hero, was born at Burnham-Thorpe, in Norfolk, September 29, 1758. He was killed in the battle of Trafalgar, in 1805.

7. The death of Casa-Bianca and his son gave rise to the well-known poem by Mrs. Hemans. Casa-Bianca, after he was mortally wounded, made a heroic defence of his burning ship, which was finally destroyed by a terrific explosion.

77.—THE SKYLARK.

JAMES HOGG, generally known by his poetical name of "The Ettrick Shepherd," was born, as he alleged (though the point was often disputed), January 25, 1772, in the district called the Ettrick Forest, Selkirkshire, Scotland. He was perhaps the most creative and imaginative of the uneducated poets. His first literary efforts were in song-writing, and in 1801 he published a small volume of pieces. He soon after made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, and assisted him in the collection of ballads for the Border minstrelsy. In 1813 he published *The Queen's Wake*, which established his reputation as an author, although Sir Walter had advised him to abstain from his worship of poetry. In most of his songs there is a wild lyrical flow of fancy that is sometimes inexpressibly sweet and musical. He died November 21, 1835.

1. BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place:
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

2. Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud:

Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

3. O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
4. Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather-blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be;
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place:
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ėüm'ber less, *without trouble or incumbrance*. Măt'in, *morning song*. 3. Fëll, *a barren or stony hill*. Shëen, *splendor*. Chër'ub, *an angel*. 4. Hëath'er, *a shrub; the heath*.

78.—RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born in the county of Devon, October 21, 1772. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and in 1791 entered Jesus College, at Cambridge. Some of his prose writings were political, but the bulk of them were theological and philosophical. He did not write much poetry, as compared with his contemporaries. Among his best-known poems are *Christabel*, *Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni*, *Generiere*, *Ode to the Departing Year*, and his *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. No other poet has ever brought forth more beautiful thoughts woven into such fantastic patterns. He manifested his intellectual power more as a talker than as a writer: he used to talk for hours on every conceivable subject, combining in his language wisdom with eloquence. He died July 25, 1834.

1. IT is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?”
2. “The bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
Mayest hear the merry din.”
3. He holds him with his skinny hand.
“There was a ship—” quoth he.
“Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon !”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.
4. He holds him with his glittering eye ;
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years’ child :
The mariner hath his will.
5. The wedding-guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner :
6. “The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared ;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.
7. “The sun came up upon the left,—
Out of the sea came he ;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

8. "Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The wedding-guest here beat his breast;
For he heard the loud bassoon.
9. The bride hath paced into the hall:
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.
10. The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:
11. "And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.
12. "With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who, pursued with yell and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast; loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.
13. "And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice-mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.
14. "The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound.

15. "At length did cross an albatross :
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

16. "It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through.

17. "And a good south wind sprung up behind :
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo.

18. "In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

19. "God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

20. "The sun now rose upon the right,—
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

21. "And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo.
22. "And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work them woe ;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch,' said they, 'the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow !'
23. "Down dropt the breeze ; the sails dropt down :
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.
24. "All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast, did stand,
No bigger than the moon.
25. "Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,—
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
26. "Water,—water everywhere !
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water,—water everywhere !
Nor any drop to drink.

27. "And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root :
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.
28. "Ah, well-a-day ! What evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.
29. "O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.
30. "Oh, sweeter than the marriage-feast—
'Tis sweeter far to me—
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company,—
31. "To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,—
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.
32. "Farewell ! farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest :
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
33. "He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small ;

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

34. The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

35. He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

DEFINITIONS.—3. Lōon, *a rogue*. Eft soon₂', *soon afterward*.
6. Kīrk, *church*. 8. Bas sōn', *a wind-instrument*. 14. Swound,
a swoon. 15. Āl'ba trōss, *a very large sea-bird, found chiefly in
the Southern Ocean*. 18. Vēs'pers₂, *evening services or songs*. 22.
A vērred', *declared positively*.

79.—THE COMMON LOT.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, November 4, 1771. He was educated at Fulneck in expectation of entering the Moravian ministry. At school he spent much of his leisure time in composing music and poetry. In 1783 he began to contribute to *The Sheffield Register*, and in 1794 he edited *The Sheffield Iris* on his own account. He wrote many political articles, several volumes of poetry, and a book of hymns. His poems are melodious, full of beautiful descriptions and gentle feeling. He died at Sheffield, April 30, 1854.

1. ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man; and who was he?
Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

2. Unknown the region of his birth;
The land in which he died, unknown:
His name has perished from the earth;
This truth survives alone,—

3. That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
 Alternate triumphed in his breast :
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear :
 Oblivion hides the rest.
4. The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirits' rise and fall,—
We know that these were felt by him ;
 For these are felt by all.
5. He suffered, but his pangs are o'er ;
 Enjoyed, but his delights are fled ;
Had friends : his friends are now no more ;
 And foes : his foes are dead.
6. He loved, but whom he loved the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb ;
Oh, she was fair ! but naught could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.
7. He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
 Encountered all that troubles thee ;
He was—whatever thou hast been ;
 He is—what thou shalt be.
8. The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
 To him exist in vain.
9. The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw
Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

10. The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace
 Than this : there lived a man.

DEFINITIONS.—3. Ob lǐv'í on, *forgetfulness*. 9. Věs'tíge, *trace*.
 10. Ān'nals, *records*.

80.—THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He attended the high school of that city, and afterward went to the university. He earned considerable fame among his comrades at school for his ability in telling stories. His career as a poet began in 1805 with the publication of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*; *Marmion* followed in 1808, and *The Lady of the Lake* in 1810. These are his best poems, and excel in their description of the natural scenery of the Scottish Highlands. In 1814 he published *Waverley*, the first of the long series of novels upon which his great fame so largely and so deservedly rests. He created the historical novel in such tales as *Kenilworth*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Quentin Durward*. Goethe says of these works, "All is great in the *Waverley* novels,—material, effect, character, and execution." His last work was written only a year previous to his death, which occurred September 21, 1832. The prose extract is from his *Tales of a Grandfather*.

1. It was upon the 23d of June (1314) the King of Scotland heard the news that the English army were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved upon. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

2. "See, Randolph!" said the king to his nephew: "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant that Randolph had lost some honor by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been commanded to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with

little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive them. He seemed to be in so much danger that Douglas asked leave of the king to go and assist him. The king refused him permission.

3. "Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault: I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the king, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish: I must go to his assistance." He rode off, accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

4. "Halt!" said Douglas to his men; "Randolph has gained the day. Since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done, especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the king and the nation.

5. The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near, to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert, dressed in his armor and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a short battle-axe made of steel. When the king saw the English horsemen draw near,

he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

6. There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself and put an end to the war by killing King Robert. The king being poorly mounted and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear and his big strong horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turning his pony a little to one side; so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse.

7. But, as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe,—so terrible a blow that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nutshell and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger, when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The king only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, “I have broken my good battle-axe.”

8. The next morning, being the 24th of June, at break of day the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks bare-footed, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, “They kneel down! They are asking forgiveness,”—

“Yes,” said a celebrated English baron, “but they ask it from God, not from us. These men will conquer, or die upon the field.”

9. The English king ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas Day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk and other places, have decided the victory ; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers ; and, as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen and thrown into total confusion.

10. The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground, which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about without any means of defense and unable to rise, from the weight of their armor. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder ; and the Scottish king, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

11. On a sudden an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place called Gillies'-hill. But now, when they saw that their masters were like to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift

every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride, and was closely pursued by Douglas with a party of horse, who followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend in the governor, Patrick, Earl of March. The earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing-skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army and a great number of his bravest nobles.

12. The English never before or afterward lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn ; nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field ; a great many more were made prisoners ; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

NOTE.—The battle of Bannockburn was fought near the village of the same name, about three miles south-east of the town of Stirling, in Scotland. Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, with thirty thousand men, defeated the English army of one hundred thousand men, under Edward II.

81.—FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

1. So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.
2. " Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt and by my side ;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
" I dreamt not now to claim its aid.

When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill ;
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."

3. "Yet why a second venture try?"
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!
Moves our free course by such fixed cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day:
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."
4. "Thy secret keep: I urge thee not;
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
'I seek my hound or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,'—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe."
5. "Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,

To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow :
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride.
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace ; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain in lady's bower
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour
As I, until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band."

6. "Have, then, thy wish !" He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill :
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;
From shingles gray their lances start ;
The bracken bush sends forth the dart ;
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand ;
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
7. Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still,

Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge ;
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James : " How sayest thou now ?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu ! "

8. Fitz-James was brave. Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare ;
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before :
" Come one, come all ! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick marked, and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
9. Short space he stood, then waved his hand :
Down sunk the disappearing band ;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow
In osiers pale and copses low :

It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon and plaid and plumage fair;
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide :
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack ;
The next all unreflected shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

10. Fitz-James looked round, yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received :
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the chief replied :
“ Fear naught—nay, that I need not say ;
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest : I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford ;
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on : I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”

11. They moved. I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive,

Yet dare not say that now his blood
 Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,
 Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
 With lances that to take his life
 Waited but signal from a guide
 So late dishonored and defied.

12. Ever by stealth his eye sought round
 The vanished guardians of the ground,
 And still from copse and heather deep
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
 And in the plover's shrilly strain
 The signal-whistle heard again.
 Nor breathed he free till far behind
 The pass was left; for then they wind
 Along a wide and level green,
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen;
 Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
 To hide a bonnet or a spear.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Ġäel*, a Scotch Highlander. *Söoth*, truth. 3. *Lûre*, attraction. 5. A vow', to declare. *Chäfe*, to fret. 6. *Ġär'-lew*, a wading bird. *Bräck'en*, fern. *Sûb ter rä'ne an*, underground. 7. *Bëek*, signal. *Săx'on*, a name given by the Highlanders to those not of Gaelic descent. 9. *Ö'siers*, willows. *Ġlînt'ed*, reflected; glanced. *Ġläive*, a broadsword. *Tärge*, a small shield or buckler. *Jäk*, a species of armor. 11. *Rîfe*, abounding.

NOTES.—*Fitz James and Roderick Dhu*. The poem of *The Lady of the Lake*, from which this extract is taken, relates the supposed adventures of James V. of Scotland. Roderick Dhu ("Black Roderick") was the chief of Clan-Alpine, a tribe of Highlanders in arms against the king.

7. Ben lëd'i is a mountain of Scotland, in the county of Perth.

82.—EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

JOHN LINGARD was born at Winchester, England, February 5, 1771. He was a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church. His chief work was a *History of England from the Invasion by the Romans*. He also published *The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church* in 1809. His *History* has now taken its place among the most valuable of our standard works. His style is simple and chaste, and exhibits thorough and patient research into the facts of English history. He died July 13, 1851.

1. THE queen seated herself on a stool which was prepared for her. On her right stood the two earls; on the left, the sheriff and Beal, the clerk of the Council; in front, the executioner from the Tower, in a suit of black velvet, with his assistant, also clad in black. The warrant was read, and Mary, in an audible voice, addressed the assembly.

2. She would have them recollect that she was a sovereign princess,—not subject to the Parliament of England, but brought there to suffer by injustice and violence. She, however, thanked her God that He had given her this opportunity of publicly professing her religion, and of declaring, as she had often before declared, that she had never imagined, nor compassed, nor consented to, the death of the English queen, nor even sought the least harm to her person. After her death, many things which were then buried in darkness would come to light. But she pardoned from her heart all her enemies, nor should her tongue utter that which might turn to their prejudice.

3. Here she was interrupted by Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, who, having caught her eye, began to preach, and under that cover, perhaps through motives of zeal, contrived to insult the feelings of the unfortunate sufferer. Mary repeatedly desired him not to trouble himself and her. He persisted; she turned aside. He made the circuit of the scaffold, and again addressed her in front.

An end was put to this extraordinary scene by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who ordered him to pray.

4. His prayer was the echo of his sermon ; but Mary heard him not. She was employed at the time in her devotions, repeating with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, passages from the book of Psalms, and, after the dean was reduced to silence, a prayer in French, in which she begged of God to pardon her sins, declared that she forgave her enemies, and protested that she was innocent of ever consenting, in wish or deed, to the death of her English sister. She then prayed in English for Christ's afflicted Church, for her son James, and for Queen Elizabeth, and in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As Thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of Thy mercy and forgive my sins !"

5. When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing the loss of their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated, but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls, with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company.

6. Her servants, at the sight of their sovereign in this lamentable state, could not suppress their feelings ; but Mary, putting her finger to her lips, commanded silence, gave them her blessing, and solicited their prayers. She then seated herself again. Kennedy, taking from her a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes ; the executioners, holding her by the arms, led her to the block ; and the queen, kneeling down, said repeatedly, with a firm voice, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

7. But the sobs and groans of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of the skull. The queen remained motionless ; and at the third stroke her head was severed from her body. When the executioner held it up, the muscles of the face were so strongly convulsed that the features could not be recognized. He cried, as usual, "God save Queen Elizabeth!"—"So perish all her enemies!" subjoined the Dean of Peterborough.—"So perish all the enemies of the gospel!" exclaimed, in a still louder tone, the fanatical Earl of Kent. Not a voice was heard to cry "Amen!" Party feeling was absorbed in admiration and pity.

DEFINITIONS.—5. *Pēr'qui šites*, allowances beyond the usual compensation or salary. *Ġrōōms*, officers of a royal household. 7. *Dis-eon ġert'ed*, confused. *Sub joined'*, added. *Fa nāt'ie al*, excessively enthusiastic.

NOTE.—Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, was born at Linlithgow, Scotland, about the 7th of December, 1542. She was the only surviving child of James V. and Mary of Guise. She was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle on the 8th of February, 1587.

83.—A PORTRAIT.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born in the county of Cumberland, England, April 7, 1770. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. His earlier poems were severely criticised,—perhaps not without reason. His writings, however, improved ; so that he soon gained the reputation of being one of the greatest poets of his time. The charms of natural simplicity are united in his poems with a depth of meditative pathos, and all his works show how strongly their author was impressed by the beauties of the material world. *The Excursion* is one of the longest of his poems, and perhaps the best known. He died April 23, 1850.

1. SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,

A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament :
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

2. I saw her, upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too ;
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,—
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

3. And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler betwixt life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ǻp pa ri'tjòn, *appearance*. 2. Træn'sjent, *momentary*. Wiles, *sportive tricks*.

84.—THE FISH-HAWK.

ALEXANDER WILSON was born at Paisley, Scotland, July 6, 1766. He was apprenticed while young to a weaver. While yet a lad he wrote several poems. In 1794 he came to the United States, where he earned his living first as an engraver, and afterward by teaching school. He devoted his leisure hours to collecting birds and studying their habits. His principal work, and one which has made his name famous, is *American Ornithology*, in nine volumes. He died August 23, 1813, while the seventh volume was passing through the press.

1. THIS formidable, vigorous-winged, and well-known bird subsists altogether on the finny tribes that swim in our bays, creeks, and rivers, procuring his prey by his own active skill and industry, and seeming no farther dependent on the land than as a mere resting-place, or, in the usual season, a spot of deposit for his nest, eggs, and young.

2. The fish-hawk is migratory, arriving on the coasts of New York and New Jersey about the 21st of March, and retiring to the South about the 22d of September. Heavy equinoctial storms may vary these periods of arrival and departure a few days; but long observation has ascertained that they are kept with remarkable regularity.

3. On the arrival of these birds in the northern parts of the United States, in March, they sometimes find the bays and ponds frozen, and experience a difficulty in procuring fish for many days. Yet there is no instance on record of their attacking birds or inferior land-animals with intent to feed on them, though their great strength of flight, as well as of feet and claws, would seem to render this no difficult matter. But they no sooner arrive than they wage war on the bald eagles as against a horde of robbers and banditti, sometimes succeeding, by force of numbers and perseverance, in driving them from their haunts, but seldom or never attacking them in single combat.

4. The first appearance of the fish-hawk in spring is



THE FISH-HAWK.

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welcomed by the fisherman as the happy signal of the approach of those vast shoals of herring, shad, etc., that regularly arrive on our coasts, and enter our rivers in such prodigious multitudes. Two of a trade, it is said, seldom agree: the adage, however, will not hold good in the present case; for such is the respect paid the fish-hawk, not only by this class of men, but, generally, by the whole neighborhood where it resides, that a person who should attempt to shoot one of them would stand a fair chance of being insulted. This prepossession in favor of the fish-hawk is honorable to their feelings.

5. They associate with its first appearance ideas of plenty and all the gayety of business; they see it active and industrious, like themselves; inoffensive to the productions of their farms; building with confidence, and without the least disposition to concealment, in the middle of their fields and along their fences; and returning year after year regularly to its former abode.

6. The regular arrival of this noted bird at the vernal equinox, when the busy season of fishing commences, adds peculiar interest to its first appearance and procures it many a benediction from the fishermen. With the following lines illustrative of these circumstances, I shall conclude its history:

7. Soon as the sun, great ruler of the year,
Bends to our northern climes his bright career,
And from the caves of ocean calls from sleep
The finny shoals and myriads of the deep;
When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride,
And day and night the equal hours divide,—
True to the season, o'er our sea-beat shore
The sailing osprey high is seen to soar
With broad unmoving wing, and, circling slow,
Marks each loose straggler in the deep below;

Sweeps down like lightning, plunges with a roar,
And bears his struggling victim to the shore.

8. The long-housed fisherman beholds with joy
The well-known signals of his rough employ,
And as he bears his nets and oars along
Thus hails the welcome season with a song:
9. "The osprey sails above the sound;
The geese are gone; the gulls are flying;
The herring-shoals swarm thick around;
The nets are launched; the boats are plying.
Yo ho, my hearts! Let's seek the deep,
Raise high the song, and cheerly wish her,
Still as the bending net we sweep,
'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!'"
10. "She brings us fish, she brings us spring,
Good times, fair weather, warmth, and plenty,
Fine store of shad, trout, herring, ling,
Sheep's-head and drum, and old-wives dainty.
Yo ho, my hearts! Let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
Still as the bending net we sweep,
'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!'"
11. "She rears her young on yonder tree;
She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em:
Like us, for fish, she sails to sea,
And, plunging, shows us where to find 'em.
Yo ho, my hearts! Let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
While the slow-bending net we sweep,
'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!'"

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Mi'g̃ra* to ry, *regularly removing from one place to another*. 4. *Shōal*, *a great multitude*. *Ād'age*, *an old saying*. *Pre poş şeş'siön*, *prejudice*. 7. *Ös'prey*, *the fish-hawk*. 10. *Ling*, *a fish something like the cod*. *Öld'-wīves*, *a species of fish*.

NOTE.—6. The vernal equinox is the 21st of March.

85.—GINEVRA.

SAMUEL ROGERS was born in London, July 30, 1763. He received a careful education, and began to write at an early age. He published his first work, *An Ode to Superstition, and Other Poems*, in 1786. He afterward published *The Pleasures of Memory, Human Life, Italy, and The Voyage of Columbus*. Lord Byron pronounced the *Pleasures of Memory* one of the most beautiful didactic poems in our language. His writings, though lacking in vigor, are full of sweetness and beauty. He died December 18, 1855.

1. If thou shouldst ever come, by choice or chance,
To Modena, . . .
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee.
2. A summer sun
Sets ere one-half is seen ; but ere thou go
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,—
The very last of that illustrious race,—
Done by Zampieri ; but by whom I care not :
He who observes it, ere he passes on
Gazes his fill, and comes, and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.
3. She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said, “ Beware ! ” her vest of gold
'Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp ;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,

A coronet of pearls. But then her face,—
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart,—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

4. Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,—
An oaken chest half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ :
A chest that came from Venice and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way : it may be true or false ;
But don't forget the picture ; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

5. She was an only child, from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,—
That precious gift,—what else remained to him ?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still, as she grew, for ever in his sight,
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

6. Just as she looks there in her bridal dress
She was,—all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come,—the day, the hour ;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;

And in the luster of her youth she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

7. Great was the joy, but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there,
Nor was she to be found. Her father cried,
“’Tis but to make a trial of our love !”
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
’Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger,
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not.

8. Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived ; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,—
Something he could not find,—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless, then went to strangers.

9. Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day—a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery—
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said,
By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,
“ Why not remove it from its lurking-place ? ”
'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and, lo ! a skeleton,

With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp clasping a shred of gold.

10. All else had perished, save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name,—the name of both :
"Ginevra." There, then, had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there
Fastened her down forever.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Tër'rage*, a raised platform of earth. 3. *Āl a-bās'ter*, a species of limestone, beautifully white and semi-transparent. *Ārch*, roguish. 4. *Hêir'-lōom*, any piece of personal property that has been long in a family. 6. *De eō'rum*, propriety of conduct. 10. *Nüp'tjal*, wedding.

NOTES.—1. *Mōd'en ā*, a city of Northern Italy.

Reg'gio gate (*rēd'jo*), the gate toward Reggio, a town fourteen miles from Modena.

Or *sī'nī*, a noble family of Modena.

2. *Zampieri*. Do mēn'i eo Zam pī g'rī was an eminent Italian painter ; better known as *Dōm en ī chī'no*.

4. *Antony of Trent* (Antonio da Trento), a celebrated wood-engraver ; born at Trent, in Tyrol, Austria.

86.—MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

ROBERT BURNS was born January 25, 1759, in the parish of Alloway, near Ayr, Scotland. His father was a poor farmer, but he gave his son what education he could afford. Robert appears to have made the most of his limited opportunities, and to have acquired a good knowledge of English. When only sixteen, he wrote some Scottish verses which gained him fame in the immediate vicinity of his home. A collection of his poems was first published in 1786. The writings of Burns are marked by a richness, power, and originality of sentiment which have seldom been equaled. No poetry was ever more instantaneously or universally popular among a people than that of Burns in Scotland. *Tam o' Shanter* is usually considered to be his masterpiece. *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *To a Mountain-Daisy*, *Bruce's Address*, and *The Jolly Beggars* are some of his best-known pieces. The popularity of his poetry has continued unabated to the present day, not only in his own country, but wherever the English language is spoken. He died July 21, 1796.

1. WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wandered forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step
 Seemed weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.
2. "Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou ?"
 Began the reverend sage ;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage ?
Or, haply, pressed with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth with me to mourn
 The miseries of man.
3. "The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
 A haughty lordling's pride,—
I've seen yon weary winter sun
 Twice forty times return ;
And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.
4. "O Man ! While in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time,
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway,
 Licentious passions burn ;

Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

5. "Look not alone on youthful prime
Or manhood's active might,—
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right,—
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn :
Then Age and Want—oh, ill-matched pair !—
Show man was made to mourn.
6. "A few seem favorites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap caressed ;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest ;
But, oh, what crowds in every land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Through weary life this lesson learn,—
That man was made to mourn.
7. "Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame :
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
8. "See yonder poor o'erlabored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;

And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

9. "If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,—
 By Nature's law designed,—
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn?"

10. "Yet let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast;
 This partial view of humankind
 Is surely not the last:
 The poor oppresséd honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!"

11. "O Death,—the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best,—
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn,
 But, oh, a blest relief for those
 That weary-laden mourn!"

87.—WASHINGTON.

AARON BANCROFT, the father of George Bancroft, the historian, was born at Reading, Massachusetts, November 10, 1755. He was educated at Harvard. He published a great number of sermons and addresses. His *Life of Washington*, from which the following extract is taken, is one of the best known of his writings. His style is easy and simple. He died at Worcester, Massachusetts, August 19, 1840.

1. GENERAL WASHINGTON was exactly six feet in height; he appeared taller, as his shoulders rose a little higher than the true proportion. His eyes were of a gray and his hair of a brown color. His limbs were well formed, and indicated strength. His complexion was light, and his countenance serene and thoughtful. His manners were graceful, manly, and dignified. His general appearance never failed to engage the respect and esteem of all who approached him.

2. Possessing strong natural passions and having the nicest feelings of honor, he was in early life prone keenly to resent practices which carried the intention of abuse and insult; but the reflections of maturer age gave him the most perfect government of himself. He possessed the faculty, above all other men, to hide the weaknesses inseparable from human nature, and he bore with meekness and equanimity his distinguished honors.

3. Reserved but not haughty in his disposition, he was accessible to all in concerns of business, but he opened himself only to his confidential friends; and no art or address could draw from him an opinion which he thought prudent to conceal. He was not so much distinguished for brilliancy of genius as for solidity of judgment and consummate prudence of conduct. He was not so eminent for any one quality of greatness and worth as for the union of those great, amiable, and good qualities which are very rarely combined in the same character.

4. His maxims were formed upon the result of mature reflection or extensive experience : they were the invariable rules of his practice ; and on all important instances he seemed to have an intuitive view of what the occasion rendered fit and proper. He pursued his purpose with a resolution which—one solitary moment excepted—never failed him.

5. Alive to social pleasures, he delighted to enter into familiar conversation with his acquaintance, and was sometimes sportive in his letters to his friends ; but he never lost sight of the dignity of his character, nor deviated from the decorous and appropriate behavior becoming his station in society.

6. He commanded from all the most respectful attention, and no man in his company ever fell into light or lewd conversation. His style of living corresponded with his wealth ; but his extensive establishment was managed with the strictest economy, and he ever reserved ample funds liberally to promote schemes of private benevolence and works of public utility. Punctual himself to every engagement, he exacted from others a strict fulfillment of contracts ; but to the necessitous he was diffusive in his charities, and he greatly assisted the poorer classes of people in his vicinity by furnishing them with means successfully to prosecute plans of industry.

7. In domestic and private life he blended the authority of the master with the care and kindness of the guardian and friend. Solicitous for the welfare of his slaves, while at Mount Vernon he every morning rode round his estates to examine their condition : for the sick, physicians were provided, and to the weak and infirm every necessary comfort was administered. The servitude of the negroes lay

with weight upon his mind : he often made it the subject of conversation and revolved several plans for their general emancipation, but could devise none which promised success, in consistency with humanity to them and safety to the state.

8. The address presented to him at Alexandria on the commencement of his Presidency fully shows how much he was endeared to his neighbors, and the affection and esteem in which his friends held his private character. His industry was unremitting, and his method so exact that all the complicated business of his military command and civil administration was managed without confusion and without hurry.

9. Not feeling the lust of power, and ambitious only for honorable fame, he devoted himself to his country upon the most disinterested principles ; and his actions were not the semblance, but the reality, of virtue : the purity of his motives was accredited, and absolute confidence placed in his patriotism. While filling a public station the performance of his duty took the place of pleasure, emolument, and every private consideration. During the more critical periods of the war a smile was scarcely seen upon his countenance ; he gave himself no moments of relaxation, but his whole mind was engrossed to execute successfully his trust.

10. As a military commander, he struggled with innumerable embarrassments arising from the short enlistment of his men, and from the want of provisions, clothing, arms, and ammunition ; and an opinion of his achievements should be formed in view of these inadequate means. The first years of his civil administration were attended with the extraordinary fact that, while a great proportion of his countrymen did not approve his measures, they universally

venerated his character and relied implicitly on his integrity. Although his opponents eventually deemed it expedient to vilify his character that they might diminish his political influence, yet the moment he retired from public life they returned to their expressions of veneration and esteem, and after his death used every endeavor to secure to their party the influence of his name.

11. He was as eminent for piety as for patriotism. His public and private conduct evince that he impressively felt a sense of the superintendence of God and of the dependence of man. In his addresses while at the head of the army and of the national government, he gratefully noticed the signal blessings of Providence and fervently commended his country to divine benediction. In private, he was known to have been habitually devout.

12. During the war he not unfrequently rode ten or twelve miles from camp to attend public worship, and he never omitted his attendance when opportunity presented. In the establishment of his presidential household he reserved to himself the Sabbath, free from the interruptions of private visits or public business, and throughout the eight years of his civil administration he gave to the institutions of Christianity the influence of his example.

13. He was as fortunate as he was great and good. Under his auspices, a civil war was conducted with mildness and a revolution with order. Raised himself above the influence of popular passions, he happily directed these passions to the most useful purposes. Uniting the talents of the soldier with the qualifications of the statesman, and pursuing, unmoved by difficulties, the noblest end by the purest means, he had the supreme satisfaction of beholding the complete success of his great military and civil services in the independence and happiness of his country.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Prōne, inclined.* Ē qua nīm'i ty, *evenness of mind.* 3. *Æ gæss'i ble, easy of approach.* 4. *Māx'imſ, established principles.* In tū'i tīve, *seeing clearly.* 5. *De eō'roſ, becoming; proper.* 6. *U tīl'i ty, usefulness.* Dif fū'sīve, *wide-reaching.* 7. *Re vōlved', reflected upon.* E mǎn çi pā'tjōn, *act of setting free from slavery.* Ćon sīst'en çy, *harmony.* 9. *Lūst, longing desire.* Aē-erēd' i ted, *received with confidence.* E mōl'ū ment, *profits of office.* Rē lax ā'tjōn, *diversion or amusement.* En ġrōssed', *absorbed; occupied.* 10. *In ād'e quate, insufficient.* E vēnt'ū al ly, *finally.* Vīl'i-fy, *to slander.*

88.—THE RAZOR-SELLER.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT ("Peter Pindar") was born at Dodbrooke, a village in Devonshire, England, in 1738. He was a satirical writer of no mean ability. In 1785 he wrote no less than twenty-three odes. Some of his songs and serious writings are tender and pleasing, but he seemed unable to write long without lapsing into the ludicrous. He died on the 14th of January, 1819.

1. A FELLOW in a market-town
Most musical cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.
2. A country bumpkin the great offer heard,—
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.
3. "No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors shave;
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."

So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling in heart and soul, content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

4. Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze.
'Twas a vile razor ! Then the rest he tried :
All were impostors. "Ah !" Hodge sighed ;
" I wish my eighteen pence was in my purse."

5. Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun :
" P'r'aps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun
That people flay themselves out of their lives.
You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing
With razors just like oyster-knives.
Sirrah, I tell you you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave."

6. " Friend," quoth the razor-man, " I'm not a knave.
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul I never thought
That they would shave."
" Not think they'd shave !" quoth Hodge, with wonder-
ing eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;
" What were they made for, then, you dog ?" he cries.
" Made !" quoth the fellow, with a smile,— " to sell."

DEFINITIONS.—2. Būmp'kin, *an awkward, heavy rustic.* 4. Impōs'tors, *cheats.* 5. Flāy, *to skin.*

89.—CHARACTER OF MAHOMET.

EDWARD GIBBON was born at Putney, England, April 27, 1737. He went to Magdalen College, Oxford, but remained there only a short time, completing his studies in Switzerland. In 1776 he published the first volume of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and finished this great work in 1787. His style is terse and powerful, and displays the vast learning of the writer. Guizot says of him, "Few men have combined, if we are not to say in so high a degree, at least in a manner so complete and so well regulated, the necessary qualifications of a writer of history." He died January 16, 1794.

1. ACCORDING to the tradition of his companions, Mahomet was distinguished by the beauty of his person,—an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance, that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures, that enforced each expression of the tongue.

2. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country: his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views, and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive; his wit, easy and social; his imagination, sublime; his judgment, clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and, although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius.

3. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia, and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mahomet was an illiterate barbarian: his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing; the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view; and some fancy has been indulged in the political and philosophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveler.

4. He compares the nations and the religions of the earth, discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies, beholds with pity and indignation the degeneracy of the times, and resolves to unite under one God and one king the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. Our more accurate inquiry will suggest that, instead of visiting the courts, the camps, the temples of the East, the two journeys of Mahomet into Syria were confined to the fairs of Bostra and Damascus, that he was only thirteen years of age when he accompanied the caravan of his uncle, and that his duty compelled him to return as soon as he had disposed of the merchandise of Cadijah.

5. In these hasty and superficial excursions the eye of genius might discern some objects invisible to his grosser companions; some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil; but his ignorance of the Syriac language must have checked his curiosity, and I cannot perceive in the life or writings of Mahomet that his prospect was far extended beyond the limits of the Arabian world.

6. From every region of that solitary world the pilgrims of Mecca were annually assembled by the calls of devotion and commerce; in the free concourse of multitudes, a simple citizen in his native tongue might study the political state and character of the tribes, the theory and practice of the Jews and Christians. Some useful strangers might be tempted or forced to implore the rights of hospitality; and the enemies of Mahomet have named the Jew, the Persian, and the Syrian monk, whom they accuse of lending their secret aid to the composition of the Koran.

7. Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius; and the uniformity of a work denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mahomet was addicted to religious contemplation; each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world and from the arms of Cadijah. In the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens, but in the mind of the Prophet. The faith which, under the name of Islam, he preached to his family and nation is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction,—that there is only one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Seru'pu loüs ly, *with great exactness*. Impüt'ed, *charged*. 3. En hänged', *increased*. Il lit'er ate, *unlearned*. Ex ėmp'ted, *freed or released*. 4. De ġen'er a cy, *loss of goodness*. Prīm'i tive, *belonging to the early times*. 7. Ad dġet'ed, *accustomed*.

NOTES.—1. Ma hġm'et, or Mo hġm'med, was born at Mecca, Arabia, about the year 570 A. D., and was the son of a poor merchant named Ab dāl'kġh. In his fortieth year he claimed to have received his first revelation as embodied in the Koran. He died in 632. Ėä dġ'jġh was one of his wives.

7. Rġm a dġn', the great annual fast or Lent of the Mohammedans. Ĩs'tam, the religion of Mohammed; and also the whole body of those who profess it throughout the world.

90.—ON WHITEWASHING.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON was born in Philadelphia in 1737. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a writer of ability. His style is elegant, and his writings abound in humor. He died in 1791.

1. WHEN a young couple are about to enter on the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of *whitewashing*, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. A young woman would forego the most advantageous connection, and even disappoint the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign the invaluable right. You will wonder what this privilege of whitewashing is; I will endeavor to give you an idea of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.

2. There is no season of the year in which the lady may not claim her privilege, if she pleases; but the latter end of May is most generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge by certain prognostics when the storm is nigh at hand. When the lady is unusually fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the filthiness of everything about her, these are signs which ought not to be neglected; yet they are not decisive, as they sometimes come on and go off again without producing any further effect.

3. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets with lime dissolved in water, there is then no time to be lost. He immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers or his private property is kept, and, putting the key in his

pocket, betakes himself to flight ; for a husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during the season of female rage : his authority is superseded, his commission is suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen becomes of more consideration and importance than him.

4. The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are in a few minutes stripped of their furniture ; paintings, prints, and looking-glasses lie in huddled heaps about the floors ; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into windows ; the chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles, crowd the yard ; and the garden-fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, and ragged breeches.

5. Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass ; for the foreground of the picture, gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels, broken tongs, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. There a closet has disgorged cracked tumblers, broken wineglasses, vials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds, and dried herbs, handfuls of old corks, tops of teapots, and stoppers of departed decanters : from the raghole in the garret to the rathole in the cellar, no place escapes unrunmaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment.

6. This ceremony completed and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings of every room and closet with brushes dipped in a solution of lime called whitewash, to pour buckets of water over every floor and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with rough brushes wet with soapsuds and dipped in stonecutter's sand. The windows by no means escape the

general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent-house, at the risk of her neck ; and, with a mug in her hand and a bucket within reach, she dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of the passengers in the street.

7. I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water nymphs by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation, but after a long argument it was determined by the whole court that the action would not lie, inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences ; and so the poor gentleman was doubly nonsuited, for he lost both his suit of clothes and his suit at law.

8. The next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. The misfortune is that the sole object is to make things clean. It matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable articles suffer mutilation or death under the operation : a mahogany chair and a carved frame undergo the same discipline ; they are to be made clean at all events, but their preservation is not worthy of attention. An able arithmetician has made an accurate calculation, founded on long experience, and proved that the losses and destructions incident to two whitewashings are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

9. This cleansing frolic over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance. The storm abates ; and all would be well again, but it is impossible that so great a convulsion in so small a community should not produce some farther effects. For two or three weeks after the operation the family are usually afflicted with sore throats or sore eyes, occasioned by the caustic quality of the lime,

or with severe colds, from the exhalations of wet floors or damp walls.

10. It must be acknowledged that the ablutions I have mentioned are attended with no small inconvenience; but the women would not be induced, from any consideration, to resign their privilege. Notwithstanding this, I can give you the strongest assurances that the women of America make the most faithful wives and the most attentive mothers in the world; and I am sure you will join me in the opinion that if a married man is made miserable only one week in a whole year he will have no great cause to complain of the matrimonial bond.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Çer e mō'ni als, *system of rules*. Ap pūr'te-nan çes, *things which belong to something else*. 2. Proğ nös'ties, *signs*. 3. Scüll'jōn, *kitchen-servant*. 4. Tës'ters, *top coverings or canopies of beds*. 5. Dis gōrged', *discharged*. 6. Wāin'seots, *wooden linings on the walls of rooms*. Pēnt'house, *a shed*. 7. Nōn'sūit ed, *stopped in a suit at law*. 9. Prīs'tine, *former*. Çaus'tie, *burning*. Ēx ha-lā'tjōns, *fumes*. 10. Ab lū'tjōns, *washings*.

NOTES.—This humorous account of a custom among the Americans, entitled "Whitewashing," has been attributed to Dr. Franklin. It appeared in several early editions of Franklin's works, and was thought to be his, from the plainness and characteristic humor of its style.

7. *Action would not lie*,—that is, there was no cause for a lawsuit.

91.—WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732. His education was such as could be obtained at the local schools of the period. Patrick Henry, in speaking of Washington at the first Colonial Assembly, says that "for solid information and sound judgment he was unquestionably the greatest man in the Assembly." The veneration in which the memory of Washington is held by the American people rests chiefly upon his merits as a soldier, statesman, and patriot; yet as an author the sentiments contained in his last state paper, *The Farewell Address*, are presented with such ability and clearness as to render it worthy of the most careful study. His life and services are so well known as to require no further notice in this connection. He died December 14, 1799.

1. THE unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so ; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence,—the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth ; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively, though often covertly and insidiously, directed,—it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness, that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity ; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety ; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned ; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

2. To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute : they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay by the adoption of a constitution of government better calculated than your former

for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government—the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment—has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government; but the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

3. All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force, to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation the will of a party,—often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community,—and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common counsels and modified by mutual interests.

4. However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government, destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

5. Towards the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite not only that you steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect in the forms of the Constitution alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown.

6. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions ; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country ; that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion ; and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each mem-

ber of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

7. Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity.

8. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

9. It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Čöv'ert ly, *secretly*. In sîd'i oûs ly, *treacherously*. Mō'ment, *importance*. Pal lâ'di ūm, *something that affords effectual protection and safety*. 2. Ĩn dis pěn'sa ble, *absolutely neces-*

sary. Ād'e quāte, *fully sufficient.* In frāe'tjōns, *violations.* Ēs'sāy, *attempt.* Ēf fi eā'cjoūs, *effectual.* Ex pliġ'it, *clear.* Au thēn'tie, *genuine; true.* 3. Fāe'tjōn, *a political party acting in opposition to the government.* In eōn'gru oūs, *improper.* Dī ġest'ed, *well thought over.* 5. Īn no vā'tjōn, *change.* Spē'cjoūs, *apparently right.* 6. Hī pōth'e sīs, *supposition.* 7. Trib'ūte, *that which is due or deserved.* Sub vērt', *to overturn; to ruin.*

92.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

WILLIAM COWPER was born in the county of Hertford, England, November 26, 1731. He was placed in a school in Hertfordshire, and afterward completed his studies at Westminster School. His chief works are *Truth, Table-Talk, The Progress of Error, Expostulation, The Task*, and a translation of Homer. His writings are natural and unaffected, and his letters are charming. He died April 27, 1800.

1. A NIGHTINGALE that all day long
 Had cheered the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,
 Began to feel, as well he might,
 The keen demands of appetite,
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
 So, stooping down from hawthorn-top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent.

2. "Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
 "As much as I your minstrelsy,
 You would abhor to do me wrong
 As much as I to spoil your song;

For 'twas the self-same Power Divine
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine,
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night.”
 The songster heard his short oration,
 And, warbling out his approbation,
 Released him, as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.

3. Hence jarring sectaries may learn
 Their real interest to discern,—
 That brother should not war with brother,
 And worry and devour each other,
 But sing and shine by sweet consent
 Till life's poor transient night is spent,
 Respecting in each other's case
 The gifts of Nature and of grace.
 Those Christians best deserve the name
 Who studiously make peace their aim,—
 Peace, both the duty and the prize
 Of him that creeps and him that flies.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *U'röp*, the place for food in the throat of a bird ; the *craw*. 2. *Mín'strel sy*, singing. 3. *Sěe'ta riēs*, members of different religious denominations.

93.—WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

1. HARK ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the wintry flood, on which the moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright :
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,

With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen
locks,

News from all nations lumbering at his back.

True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,

Yet careless what he brings, his one concern

Is to conduct it to the destined inn,

And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.

2. He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
'Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
3. But, oh, the important budget ! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings ? Have our troops awaked ?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?
Is India free ? and does she wear her plumed
And jeweled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh,—I long to know them all ;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

4. Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
 Not such his evening who, with shining face,
 Sweats in the crowded theater, and, squeezed
 And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
 Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage.

* * * * *

5. O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west, but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement and the hours
 Of long, uninterrupted evenings know.

WILLIAM COWPER.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Ām'or oūs*, inclined to love. *Re spōn'sīve*, answering. 3. *Wrān'glerz*, disputants. 4. *In ē'bri āte*, to intoxicate. *Rānt'ing*, noisy.

94.—THE MAN IN BLACK.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at the village of Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. He spent some time at Trinity College, Dublin. His first work of any note was his *Chinese Letters*, which appeared in the *Public Ledger* in 1760, afterward published with the title of *The Citizen of the World*. He was the author of various other works, poetical, historical, dramatic, and imaginative. Some of his best-known productions are his *Vicar of Wakefield*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Roman History*, and *The Deserted Village*. He wrote one of the finest poems, one of the most charming novels, and one of the most delightful comedies of his time. For grace and simplicity, his style is matchless. He died April 4, 1774.

1. THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The Man in Black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinged with some strange inconsistencies, and he may be justly termed a humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater while his cheek was glowing with compassion, and while his looks were softened into pity I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature.

2. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

3. In one of our late excursions into the country, hap-

pening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish-house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more: I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious. I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretenses. Let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief."

4. He was proceeding in this strain earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the Man in Black. I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way; and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner

a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should not hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

5. As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before. He threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice; but my friend, looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

6. He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship-of-war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defense of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask: he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a

string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches ; but, not waiting for a reply, desired in a surly tone to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollected himself ; and, presenting his whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

7. It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase. He assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied ; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire ; he averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object, more distressful than either of the former.

8. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humor was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding : his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted. Upon this occasion, his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her ; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted on the woman's visage was not half so strongly

expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till at length, recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Tīnet'ūred, *slightly tinged*. Pār'si mo ny, *excessive economy*. Re plēte', *filled with*. Sōr'did, *mean*. Dī lāt'-ed, *expanded*. 2. Af fēet', *make a show of*. 3. Pār'ish-house, *poor-house*. 5. Rāil, *to reproach violently*. Ēp'i sōdes, *incidental stories*. Wist'ful ly, *wishfully*. 7. Pān e ġyr'ie, *a formal discourse in praise of any subject*. 8. Vī vāç'i ty, *liveliness*. Dis sīm ū lā'tjōn, *hypocrisy*. In ěf'fa ble, *unspeakable*.

95.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

1. SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delayed,
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,—
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm,—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !

•
2. How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired :
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love ;
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove :
These were thy charms, sweet village! Sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please ;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed :
These were thy charms ; but all these charms are fled.

3. Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

4. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade :
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
5. A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more,
His best companions innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.
6. But times are altered : Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride :
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green,—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
7. Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,

Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

* * * * *

8. Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There, as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below,—
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail :
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale ;
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the blooming flush of life is fled,—
 All but yon widowed solitary thing
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed and weep till morn,—
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.
9. Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour :
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

10. His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

11. Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

12. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile ;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed :
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
13. Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school ;
A man severe he was, and stern to view :
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
 Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.

14. The village all declared how much he knew :
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge ;
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame : the very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Haw'thörn*, a shrub or tree having a fruit called *haw*. 2. *Re mīt'ting*, giving up; quitting. *Sleights*, tricks. 3. *Dës o lā'tion*, ruin; destruction. *Bit'tern*, a wading bird. *Lăp'-wīng*, a wading bird of the plover family. 4. *Ae eū'mu lātes*, increases greatly. 6. *Ŭm'broūs*, burdensome. 8. *Plăsh'y*, watery. *Ŭrëss'es*, plants used as salad. 9. *Păss'ing*, exceeding. 10. *Spënd'-thrift*, a prodigal. 11. *En dëar'ment*, act of affection. 13. *Fûrze*, a thorny evergreen shrub with yellow flowers. *Bôd'ing*, foretelling. 14. *Pre sâge'*, foretell. *Ġăuġe*, to measure the contents of casks, barrels, etc.

NOTES.—The *Deserted Village* is supposed to refer to the village of Lishoy, or Lissoy, county of Westmeath, Ireland. Since the poet's time, it has generally received the name of Auburn.

3. *Amidst thy towers the tyrant's hand is seen*. The character said to be intended in this and other passages was General Robert Napier, an

Englishman, who is well remembered to have ruled the village with a "tyrant's hand."

8. *The sad historian of the pensive plain*, etc. These lines are supposed to apply to a woman, named Catherine Geraghty, whom the poet had known in earlier and better days. The brook and ditches near the spot where her cabin stood still furnish cresses, and several of her descendants live in the village.

9. *The village preacher's modest mansion rose*. Charles Goldsmith, the father of the poet, was, according to some authorities, the original of the village preacher, as well as of the Vicar of Wakefield.

96.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY was born in London, December 26, 1716. Through the exertions of his mother he was placed at Eton, and afterward went to Cambridge. In 1747 he published his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, and two years later brought forth his *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. In 1757 appeared his *Pindaric Odes*, but, though these were full of brilliant fancies and intricate harmony, they lacked sympathy and feeling. His poetry in general is exquisitely finished and delicate, but his subjects are unfamiliar; and his poems, except the *Elegy*, are little known, and have never become popular. He died July 30, 1771.

1. THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
3. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.
4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

8. Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?
12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
15. Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
16. The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,
17. Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
19. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
20. Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
21. Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
22. For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?
23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.
24. For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
26. "There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
28. "One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he ;
29. "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

30. Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.
31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :

He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear ;
 He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a
 friend.

32. No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

DEFINITIONS.—Ēl'e gy, a mournful poem. 1. Ēûr'few, the ringing of a bell at nightfall ; originally designed as a signal for covering fires and retiring to rest. 2. Földſ, inclosures in which animals are kept. 5. Ēlâr'i on, a kind of trumpet. 7. Ēlēbe, sod ; ground. Jõe'und, merry ; gay. 10. Trō'phiēs, memorials of victory. Frēt'ted, ornamented. 13. Pēn'ū ry, poverty. 18. In Ēġen'ū oſs, open ; frank. Mūſe, a genius of art, literature, or music. 19. Măd'dīng, furious ; wild. Ēġ nō'ble, mean ; worthless. Se quēs'tered, secluded ; retired. Tēn'or, direction. 21. Mōr'al iſt, one who practices moral duties. 27. Wăy'ward, willful. 32. Frăil'tiēs, weaknesses.

NOTE.—The country churchyard in which the poem was written is supposed to be that of Stōke Pō'gis, in Bucks County, England. It is near the seat of the Penn family, and the poet Gray is buried there.

15. *Some village Hampden.* John Hampden was a celebrated English patriot who lost his life in the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament.

97.—DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

DAVID HUME was born in Edinburgh, April 26, 1711. He was educated at the College of Edinburgh. His first work was a *Treatise on Human Nature*, a philosophical work which may be said to mark a new era in connection with that subject. He afterward wrote many works and essays, political, philosophical, and religious ; but his fame rests on his *History of England*, the first part of which, containing the history of the reigns of James I. and Charles I., appeared in 1754. His style is clear and vigorous, and his works show great depth of thought and learning. He died at Edinburgh, August 25, 1776. The following extract is from his *History of England*.

1. THE Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of

the queen's fond attachment toward him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him.

2. She was moved with this tender jealousy, and, making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that, into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet, if he sent her that ring, she would immediately upon the sight of it recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favorable ear to his apology.

3. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity ; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission ; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favorite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution.

4. The Countess of Nottingham, falling into sickness and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct ; and, having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon and revealed to her the fatal secret. The queen, astonished at this incident, burst into a furious passion ; she shook the dying countess in her bed ; and, crying to her that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth

resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy.

5. She rejected all consolation; she even refused food and sustenance; and, throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered,—and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal,—but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them.

6. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning upon cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body that her end was visibly approaching; and the Council, being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary to know her will in regard to her successor. She answered, with a faint voice, that, as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor.

7. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots? Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from Him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours; and she expired gently, without further struggle or convulsion (March 24), in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign.

DEFINITIONS.—1. As sîd'û oûs, *attentive*. 3. Ex trêm'i ty, *greatest need*. As erîbed', *imputed*. 4. Re môrse', *anguish excited by a sense of guilt*. Erâved, *entreated; begged*. 5. Sûs'te nange, *food*. As suage' (swâge'), *ease or lessen*. 7. Leth är'gie, *heavy*.

NOTE.—Elizabeth, Queen of England, was the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn; she was born September 7, 1533, and died March 24, 1603, after a reign of nearly forty-five years.

98.—SCHEMES OF LIFE OFTEN ILLUSORY.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, England, September 18, 1709. He received some instruction from a man named Hunter in his own town, and in 1728 he went to Pembroke College, Oxford, but did not complete the course. Some of his writings are imitations of Juvenal, some are biographical, but the best known are his contributions to various periodicals, especially *The Rambler* and *The Idler*, which he himself conducted. His *Dictionary*, which cost him eight years' unceasing application, entitles him to be called the father of English lexicography. His writings display strength of intellect, great power for observing character, and an ample supply of caustic wit. He died December 13, 1784.

1. OMAR, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honor and prosperity. The favor of three successive Caliphs had filled his house with gold and silver, and whenever he appeared the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

2. Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odors. The vigor of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the Caliph the keys of trust and the seals of secrecy, and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life than the converse of the wise and the gratitude of the good.

3. The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants eager to catch the dictates of experience and officious to pay the tribute of admiration.

Caled, the son of the Viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent; Omar admired his wit and loved his docility. "Tell me," said Caled, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia,—tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it are to thee no longer necessary or useful: impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy future."

4. "Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head: 'Seventy years are allowed to man; I have fifty yet remaining. Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries. I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honored; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship.'

5. "'Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself. I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life, but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries and wise as Zobeide; with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdad, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase and fancy can invent.'

6. "'I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my

days in obscurity and contemplation, and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution that I will never depend on the smile of princes, that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honors, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state.' Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly on my memory.

7. "The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in the pursuit of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honor and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished and left nothing behind them.

8. "I now postponed my purpose of traveling; for why should I go abroad while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges; I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the Caliph. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with confidence; and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

9. "I still wished to see distant countries, listened with rapture to the relation of travelers, and resolved some time to ask my dismissal, that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude, but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

10. "In my fiftieth year I began to suspect that the time of traveling was past, and thought it best to lay hold

on the felicity yet in my power and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found time till disease forced me from public employment.

11. "Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectations of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdad."

DEFINITIONS.—Il lū'so ry, *deceptive*. 3. Of fŷ'cioŷs, *excessively forward*. Viŷe'roy, *a governor who rules with royal authority*. 7. Dī vērt'ed, *turned aside*. Im pĕd'i ments, *obstacles*. 8. Im-mūred', *confined*. 11. In sā'tŷ a ble, *incapable of being satisfied*. Ćon nū'bi al, *pertaining to the marriage state*. Ćon tēm'pla tīve, *studious; thoughtful*.

NOTES.—5. Hour'icŷ, nymphs of the Mohammedan paradise.

Zo be'ī'de, the favorite wife of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid.

99.—SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, was born November 15, 1708. He was prepared at Eton for Oxford University, and after he was graduated spent some time on the Continent. In 1756 he became Secretary of State. When the trouble with the American colonies began, he criticised severely the domineering policy of the government toward the Americans, and urged an amicable adjustment of disputed questions. Afterward, when France had become an ally of the American colonies, he objected to the peace which had been proposed, on the ground that it implied the humble prostration of Great Britain before the throne of France; and he declared that war was preferable to peace on such terms. He was as true a patriot and as eloquent an orator as England ever produced. He died May 11, 1778.

1. I CANNOT, my lords,—I will not,—join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment; it is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth.

2. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display in its full danger and genuine colors the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them,—measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt?

3. But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence. The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy; and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect.

4. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords,—you cannot conquer America.

5. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell

every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent,—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms,—never, never, never!

DEFINITIONS.—2. In făt ū ā'tjōn, *folly*. Ob truđ'ed, *thrust*. 3. A bět'ted, *encouraged*. Am bās'sa đorş, *ministers of the highest rank employed to represent a government*. 5. Shăm'bles, *flesh-markets*. Měr'qe na ry, *serving for pay*. Răp'ine, *violence*.

NOTE.—5. *The shambles of every German despot* alludes to the employment of the Hessian soldiers against the Americans during the Revolutionary war. Frederick II. of Hesse-Cassel received three million pounds sterling from the British government for the services of the twenty-two thousand Hessians who fought against the Americans.

100.—THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 17, 1706. When but twelve years old, he was apprenticed to the printing business, and took great pains to educate himself. He removed to Philadelphia in 1723, and soon became identified with every important interest of the city of his adoption. In 1729 he published a newspaper, and by his talents as a writer soon made it popular. In 1732 he commenced the publication of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, by which he strove to impart useful information and sound, practical wisdom in an entertaining way. By his admirable writings, and his still more admirable life, he inculcated the virtues of industry, frugality, and independence of thought, and may be reckoned one of the benefactors of mankind. Franklin's greatest eminence was as a philosopher and a statesman. In philosophy, he made the important discovery that lightning and electricity are identical; as a statesman, he did the highest service to the colonies as ambassador to the courts of England and France. He was a member of the Continental Congress that adopted the Declaration of Independence, and no other American has ever received such varied honors. He died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790.

1. SAVAGES, we call them, because their manners differ from ours, which we think the perfection of civility; they think the same of theirs. Perhaps, if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality, we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness, nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness.

2. The Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors; when old, counselors; for all their government is by the counsel and advice of the sages: there is no force, there are no prisons, no officers to compel obedience or inflict punishment. Hence they generally study oratory, the best speaker having the most influence. The Indian women till the ground, dress the food, nurse and bring up the children, and preserve and hand down to posterity the memory of public transactions. These employments of men and women are accounted natural and honorable.

3. Having few artificial wants, they have abundance of leisure for improvement in conversation. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they esteem slavish and base, and the learning on which we value ourselves they regard as frivolous and useless. An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, 1774, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations. After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians by a speech that there was at Williamsburg a college with a fund for educating Indian youth; and if the chiefs of the Six Nations would send down half a dozen of their sons to that college, the government would take care they should be well provided for and instructed in all the learning of the white people.

4. It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to an-

swer a public proposition the same day that it is made: they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and that they show it respect by taking time to consider it as a matter important. They therefore deferred their answer till the day following, when their speaker began by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginia government in making them that offer; "for we know," says he, "that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men while with you would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal; and we thank you heartily.

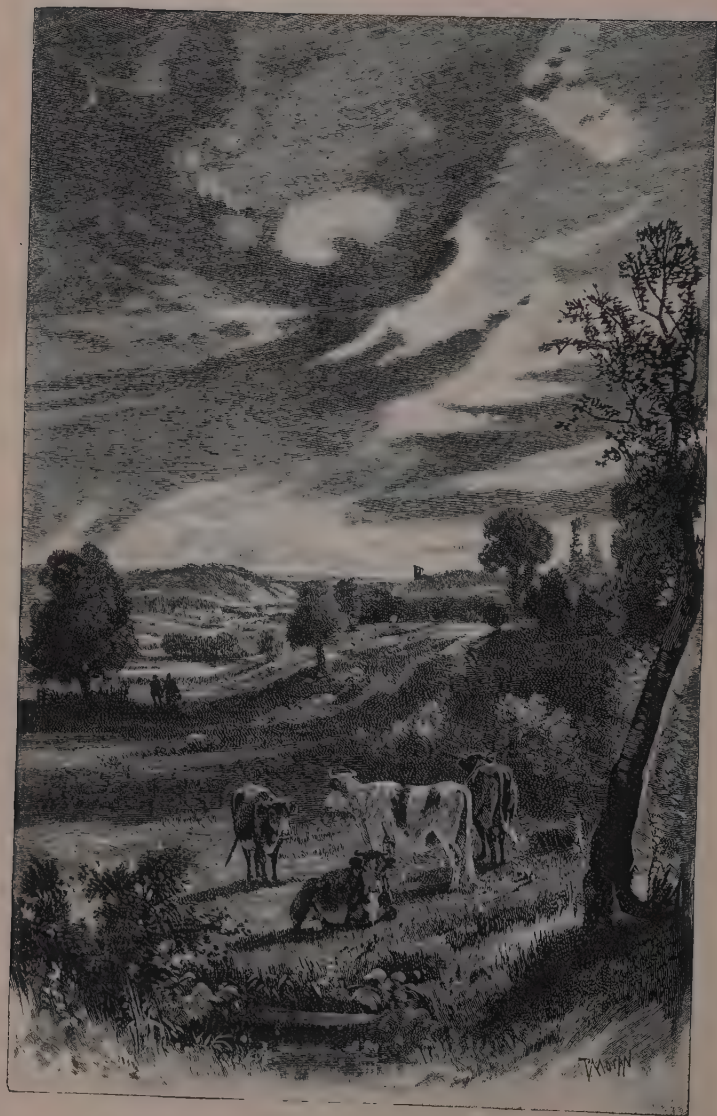
5. "But you, who are wise, must know that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will therefore not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it. Several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the Northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us, they were bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods, unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, or kill an enemy, spoke our language imperfectly,—were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, or counselors: they were totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting of it; and, to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make men of them."

6. Having frequent occasions to hold public councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting

them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and children in the hindmost. The business of the women is to take notice of what passes, imprint it on their memories,—for they have no writing,—and communicate it to the children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve traditions of the stipulations in treaties a hundred years back, which, when we compare with our writing, we always find exact.

7. He that would speak rises; the rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect, that if he has omitted anything he intended to say, or has anything to add, he may rise again and deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent. How different this is from the conduct of a polite British House of Commons, where scarce a day passes without some confusion that makes the Speaker hoarse in calling to order! and how different from the mode of conversation in many polite companies of Europe, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with great rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatient loquacity of those you converse with, and never suffered to finish it! The politeness of these savages in conversation is indeed carried to excess, since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in their presence. By this means they indeed avoid disputes, but then it becomes difficult to know their minds, or what impression you make upon them.

DEFINITIONS.—3. Frÿv'o loûs, *of little worth*. 5. Ėon çěp'tjông, *ideas*. 6. Stÿp ũ lă'tjông, *agreements*. 7. Lo quăç'i ty, *inclination to talk too much*.



AN EVENING IN SUMMER.

(Page 335.)

101.—AN EVENING IN SUMMER.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, in Roxburghshire, Scotland, September 11, 1700. He was educated first at Jedburgh, and afterward at Edinburgh. His first poem, *Winter*, published in 1725, though not immediately successful, yet gradually won for him considerable fame as a poet. Two years later he published *Summer*, followed, a year later, by *Spring*, and finally, in 1730, *Autumn* appeared, together with a reissue of the other parts, thus completing *The Seasons*. He afterward wrote several plays, but with little success. In the spring of 1748 he published his *Castle of Indolence*, which is by some considered his finest work. His poems are harmonious, and show richness of imagination and great power in describing natural scenery. He died in August, 1748. The following extract is from *The Seasons*.

1. SOBER Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air,
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;
While the quail clamors for his running mate.
2. Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature naught disdains : thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail,—
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means,

Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.

3. Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk and unfrequented, where,
At fall of eve, the fairy-people throng,
In various game and revelry to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunned, whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Hies*, *hastens*. Wit'less, *without wit or understanding*. 3. *Im'pi oüs*, *wicked*.

102.—THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

JOHN GAY was born at Barnstable, Devonshire, England, in 1688. In 1711 he published a poem dedicated to Pope. He wrote several works descriptive of low life in town, and also edited a number of plays, some of which were eminently successful, while others failed totally. In 1726 he wrote a volume of fables. His most popular work was his play called *The Beggar's Opera*. The wit and the allusions of his works are now out of date, and his fame as an author depends entirely on his lyric poems, some of which are full of sparkle and vivacity. He died December 4, 1732.

1. A FOX in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay ;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarmed his mumbling jaw ;

His numerous race around him stand,
 To learn their dying sire's command.
 He raised his head with whining moan,
 And thus was heard the feeble tone :
 " Ah, sons, from evil ways depart :
 My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
 See, see the murdered geese appear !
 Why are those bleeding turkeys there ?
 Why all around this cackling train,
 Who haunt my ears for chickens slain ?"

2. The hungry foxes round them stared,
 And for the promised feast prepared :
 " Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer ?
 Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
 These are the phantoms of your brain,
 And your sons lick their lips in vain."
 " O gluttons " (says the drooping sire),
 " Restrain inordinate desire :
 Your liquorish taste you shall deplore
 When peace of conscience is no more.
 Does not the hound betray our pace,
 And gins and guns destroy our race ?
 Thieves dread the searching eye of power,
 And never feel the quiet hour.
 Old age (which few of us shall know)
 Now puts a period to my woe.
 Would you true happiness attain,
 Let honesty your passions rein ;
 So live in credit and esteem,
 And the good name you lost redeem."

3. " The counsel's good " (a fox replies),
 " Could we perform what you advise.

Think what our ancestors have done,—
 A line of thieves from son to son :
 To us descends the long disgrace,
 And infamy hath marked our race.
 Though we like harmless sheep should feed,
 Honest in thought, in word and deed,
 Whatever hen-roost is decreased,
 We shall be thought to share the feast.
 The change shall never be believed :
 A lost good name is ne'er retrieved."
 "Nay, then," replies the feeble fox—
 "But hark ! I hear a hen that cucks :
 Go, but be moderate in your food ;
 A chicken, too, might do me good."

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Chêr*, provisions prepared for a feast. In ôr'-
 di nate, *excessive*. Lîq' uor ish (now spelled "lickerish"), *greedy*.
 Gîngs, *traps; snares*. 3. In' fa my, *public disgrace*. Re triëved',
regained. Clöcks, *clucks*.

103.—ESSAY ON MAN.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 21, 1688. As early as 1709, some of his poems and translations appeared in a periodical. He published a number of works, poetical, biographical, and critical, a series of essays, moral and philosophical, and a translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. One of his most celebrated essays is that *On Man*, from which the following extract is taken. As a writer of satires and a moralizer in verse, he is without a rival. He died May 30, 1744.

1. HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,—
 All but the page prescribed, their present state ;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits, know ;
 Or who could suffer being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,—
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given
 That each may fill the circle marked by heaven,
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

2. Hope humbly, then ; with trembling pinions soar,
 Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.
 What future bliss He gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never is, but always to be, blest.
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
3. Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind !
 His soul proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk or Milky Way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, a humbler heaven,—
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pre scribed', appointed. Rī'ot, luxury. 2. Ex pā'tī ātes, wanders without restraint.

NOTE.—3. *Milk'y Wāy*, a broad, irregular, luminous zone in the heavens.

104.—CONTENTMENT.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Milston, in Wiltshire, England, May 1, 1672. He entered Oxford at the age of fifteen, and while there he greatly distinguished himself, especially by the facility with which he wrote Latin verse. His principal works are *The Guardian* and the tragedy of *Cato*, which for many years were very popular, but which now are seldom read. He also wrote a comedy, *The Drummer, or the Haunted House*, and at his death left an unfinished manuscript on *The Evidences of the Christian Religion*. His fame as a writer rests chiefly on his contributions to *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. Dr. Johnson says of him, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." He died June 17, 1719.

1. CONTENTMENT produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the Philosopher's Stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related.

2. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude toward that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts. Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and, secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

3. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased

with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled with him upon the loss of a farm. "Why," said he, "I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me." On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess, and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humor of mankind to be always looking forward and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honor.

4. For this reason, as there are none can be properly called rich who have not more than they want, there are few rich men in any of the politer nations, but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the King of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, "content is natural wealth," says Socrates; to which I shall add, *Luxury is artificial poverty.*

5. I like the story of the honest Dutchman who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the main-mast, told the standers by it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife, that came into the room in a passion and threw down the table that stood before them. "Every

one," says he, "has his calamity ; and he is a happy man that has no greater than this."

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Ā'ēhe mīst*, one who practiced the ancient science of alchemy, one aim of which was to change the baser metals into gold. *Dis quī'e tūdes*, anxieties. 4. *Po līt'er*, more refined.

NOTES.—1. *The Philosopher's Stone*, a stone or preparation which the alchemists formerly sought as the instrument of converting the baser metals into gold.

3. *Ā'is tīp'pus*, a Grecian philosopher, a disciple of Socrates.

4. *Pīt'ta eus*, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

Sōe'ra tēs, the illustrious founder of Grecian philosophy, was born at Athens about 470 B. C., and died about 400 B. C.

105.—PARAPHRASE OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

1. THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty Hand.
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?

What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

DEFINITIONS.—*Pär'a phrāse*, a free translation into the same or another language. 1. *E thē're al*, pertaining to the higher regions beyond the earth.

NOTE.—The original of this beautiful paraphrase is given on page 381.

106.—PARAPHRASE OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

1. THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noonday walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

DEFINITIONS.—2. *Mēads*, meadows. 4. *Dē'vi oūs*, out of the right way. *Be ġūile'*, to cause to pass without notice.

107.—QUACK-ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIR RICHARD STEELE was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1671. After some years at the Charterhouse School, he entered Merton College, Oxford. He wrote many essays, besides a number of dramas, and some political and religious works. He was associated with Addison in the publication of *The Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*. His writings display great power of invention and great insight into men's characters and motives; they are full of keen but gentle satire, and furnish instruction and amusement combined in a pleasing form. He died September 21, 1729.

1. THERE is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors who publish their abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are, to a man, impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar and the impudence of these professors that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day.

2. What aggravates the jest is that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a paper given into my hand by a fellow tells us as follows: "In Russel Court, over against the Cannon Ball, at the Surgeon's Arms, in Drury Lane, is lately come from his travels a surgeon who has prac-

ticed surgery and physic, both by sea and land, these twenty-four years. He by the blessing cures the yellow jaundice, scurvy, dropsy, surfeits, long sea-voyages, campaigns, etc., as some people that has been lame these thirty years can testify ; in short, he cureth all diseases incident to men, women, or children."

3. The art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment,—to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, beside his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine cord strained with two nails at each end over his window, and the words "Rainy," "Dry," "Wet," and so forth, written, to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord.

4. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this ; but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those, and his head also, were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbing in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine and the words writ on each side, then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement ; and if my friend had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment.

5. But the doctor we were talking of adds to his long voyages the testimony of some people "that has been thirty years lame." When I received my paper, a sagacious fellow took one at the same time, and read until he came to

the thirty years' confinement of his friends, and went off very well convinced of the doctor's sufficiency. You have many of these prodigious persons, who have had some extraordinary accident at their birth or a great disaster in some part of their lives.

6. Anything, however foreign from the business the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profess. There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the Emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his Imperial Majesty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success.

7. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further: all the rest is granted. They take it that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go when sometimes—let it be to the purpose or not—I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye on my twentieth paper, “More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!” But, as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great man,—to wit, “That from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for threepence.”

DEFINITIONS.—1. Bîl'lets, *notes or letters*. 2. Ăġ'ġra vâtes, *makes worse*. Sûr'feits, *excesses in eating and drinking*. 4. Ex erës'-çen çes, *extra growths*. 6. Ėăt'a răets, *diseases of the eye*. 7. Con-çęp'tjôn, *thought*.

108.—THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Dublin, November 30, 1667. He was sent to school at Kilkenny, preparatory to his entering Trinity College, Dublin. His *Tale of a Tub* is spoken of as the wildest, wittiest, and most satirical work of the eighteenth century. He also wrote numerous other works, both in poetry and in prose, on a variety of subjects. His best-known work, however, is *Gulliver's Travels*, published in 1726. His style is clear, strong, and simple, and his power of ridicule and irony, of invention and wit and apt illustration, is almost without a parallel in the literary world. He died October 19, 1745.

1. UPON the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts, you came to the center, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defense.

2. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below, when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself; and in he went, where, expatiating awhile, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel, which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavored to force his passage, and thrice the center shook.

3. The spider, within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that Nature was approaching to her final dissolution, or else that Beelzebub, with all his legions,

was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile, the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb.

4. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations, of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy puppy! Is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? Could you not look before you? Do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?"—"Good words, friend!" said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to be droll). "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a pickle since I was born."

5. "Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family,—never to stir abroad against an enemy,—I should come and teach you better manners."—"I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you spend your substance; and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all toward the repair of your house."—"Rogue, rogue!" replied the spider. "Yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters."—"By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favor to let me

know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute."

6. At this, the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument, in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite, and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction. "Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession of your own but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon Nature,—a freebooter over fields and gardens, and for the sake of stealing will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

7. "I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to heaven alone for my flights and my music, and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden, but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste.

8. "Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say. In that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labor and method enough, but, by woeful experience for us both,

it is too plain the materials are naught ; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself,—that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast ; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance.

9. “ Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions by sweepings exhaled from below, and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another ; so that, in short, the question comes all to this : Whether is the nobler being of the two, that which by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb, or that which by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax ? ”

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pāl i sã'does, *palisades ; stakes driven in the ground for defense.* 2. Çit'a del, *a fortress.* 3. Ae quít'ted, *released.* Toils, *snares.* 4. Dí lãp i dã'tjõng, *injuries.* Pruned, *trimmed.* 5. Trõth, *faith.* 6. Seür'ril oũs, *abusive.* Dis pãr'age, *to undervalue.* Frẽe'bõõt er, *a robber.* 9. In hẽr'ent, *inborn.* Ex-hãled', *sent out ; breathed out.* Õ ver wẽsn'ing, *arrogant ; conceited.* En gẽn'der ing, *producing.*

NOTES.—The *Spider and the Bee* is an allegory taken from *The Battle of the Books*, in which the author discusses the comparative merits of ancient and modern learning. The bee represents the ancients; the spider makes the argument for the moderns.

3. *Be ẽl'ze bãb* signifies the “ Lord of Flies.”

109.—ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS RAFT.

DANIEL DE FOE was born in London in 1661. His name was originally *Foe*; but when he attained his majority, he added the prefix *De*. He wrote numerous political pamphlets, and held several positions under the government; but finally he became disgusted with politics and took to writing fictitious narratives, the most famous of which is his *Robinson Crusoe*, published in 1719. His works of fiction still charm by their air of truth and the simple, natural beauty of their style. He died in 1731.

1. My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks and boards upon it that I could get, and, having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft.

2. The first of these I filled with provisions,—namely, bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls that we brought to sea with us; but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together, but, to my great disappointment, I found afterward that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. While I was doing this I found the tide began to flow, though very calm; and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away.

3. This put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon,—as, first, tools to work with on shore; and it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest,

which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-loading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it; for I knew in general what it contained.

4. My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powder-horns, and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them,—two of them dry and good: the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft with the arms.

5. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation. What little wind there was blew toward the land, and, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and—besides the tools that were in the chest—two saws, an axe, and a hammer, with this cargo I put to sea.

6. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before; by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo. As I imagined, so it was: there appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream.

7. Here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck,

which, if I had, I think verily would have broke my heart, for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft run aground, one end of it upon a shoal; and, not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off toward that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water. I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength; neither durst I stir from the posture I was in.

8. Holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level; and a little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel; and then, driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current, or tide, running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore; for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping, in time, to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

9. At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near as that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had like to have dipped all my cargo in the sea again; for, that shore lying pretty steep,—that is to say, sloping,—there was no place to land but where one end of the float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high, and the other sink lower as before, that it would endanger my cargo again.

10. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor,

to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough,—for my raft drew about a foot of water,—I thrust her on upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened, or moored, her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

110.—PENN'S ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.

WILLIAM PENN was born in London, October 14, 1644. He studied at Christ Church, Oxford, and while there was led to become a Quaker, through the preaching of Thomas Loe. His writings were mainly religious and political works in defence of religious liberty and in opposition to the Established Church in England. The most famous of these is his *No Cross, No Crown*. His uprightness and kindly disposition beam forth continually in his writings, as well as the grace and pleasantness of manner for which he was noted. He died July 30, 1718.

1. BETAKE yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

2. And, being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and He will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others, for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship; neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

3. Let your industry and parsimony go no farther than for a sufficiency for life and to make a provision for your children,—and that in moderation,—if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help the poor and needy ; let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others, for we are all His creatures, remembering that “he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.”

4. Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world : use them only, and they will serve you ; but if you love them, you serve them, which will debase your spirits as well as offend the Lord. Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to them : it may be your case ; and as you mete to others God will mete to you again.

5. Be humble and gentle in your conversation ; of few words, I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak. hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose. Affront none. neither avenge the affronts that are done to you ; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your heavenly Father.

6. In making friends, consider well first ; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous. Watch against anger ; neither speak nor act in it, for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast and throws people into desperate inconveniences.

7. Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise ; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak. They are the worst of creatures ; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat ; and, which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer.

8. Remember David, who, asking the Lord, "Who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell upon Thy holy hill?" answers, "He that walketh uprightly, worketh righteousness and speaketh the truth in his heart; in whose eyes the vile person is contemned, but honoreth them who fear the Lord."

9. Next, my children, be temperate in all things; in your diet, for that is physic by prevention: it keeps—nay, it makes—people healthy and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel; keep out that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body more than raiment.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Be höld'en, *indebted*. 5. Për'ti nent, *suitable; appropriate*. 7. Be spēak', *speak to*. 8. Ėon tēmned', *despised*.

III.—CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

JOHN DRYDEN was born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, England, August 9, 1631. His father procured him admission to Westminster School as a King's scholar, and he was afterward elected a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. He composed several poems while a student, but his first poem of importance was his *Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Cromwell*. He afterward wrote several plays, a number of satires and fables, and several volumes of poetry; he also translated the works of Virgil, Juvenal, and Perseus. His *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* ranks among the best lyrical poems in our language. Dryden was a master of satire, and his prose writings are energetic and harmonious, his poetry smooth and majestic. He died May 1, 1700.

1. HE bore his great commission in his look,
But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.
He preached the joys of heaven and pains of hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal,
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.

He taught the gospel rather than the law,
And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw;
For fear but freezes minds ; but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.

2. To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
 Wrapped in his crimes, against the storm prepared ;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before the Almighty fly :
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.
3. The tithes his parish freely paid he took,
 But never sued, or cursed with bell and book ;
With patience bearing wrong, but offering none,
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind
(Who grudge their dues and love to be behind),
The less he sought his offerings, pinched the more,
And praised a priest contented to be poor.
4. Yet of his little he had some to spare
 To feed the famished and to clothe the bare ;
For mortified he was to that degree
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord :
Nothing was theirs, but all the public store,—
Intrusted riches to relieve the poor,
Who, should they steal for want of his relief,
He judged himself accomplice with the thief.

5. Wide was his parish ; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house ;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succor the distressed,
Tempting on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
6. All this the good old man performed alone,
Nor spared his pains ; for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care,
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold,
But duly watched his flock by night and day,
And from the prowling wolf redeemed the prey,
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
7. The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared ;
His preaching much, but more his practice, wrought
(A living sermon of the truths he taught) ;
For this by rules severe his life he squared,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impressed) ;
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen :
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
8. The prelate for his holy life he prized,
The worldly pomp of prelacy despised ;

His Saviour came not with a gaudy show,
 Nor was His kingdom of the world below.
 Patience in want and poverty of mind,—
 These marks of Church and churchmen He designed,
 And living taught, and dying left behind.
 The crown He wore was of the pointed thorn ;
 In purple He was crucified, not born ;
 They who contend for place and high degree
 Are not His sons, but those of Zebedee.

9. Such was the saint who shone with every grace,
 Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
 God saw His image lively was expressed,
 And His own work as in creation blessed.
 Still cheerful ; ever constant to his call ;
 By many followed ; loved by most ; admired by all.
 With what he begged, his brethren he relieved,
 And gave the charities himself received.
 Gave while he taught, and edified the more
 Because he showed by proof 'twas easy to be poor.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Här'bin ġers, *forerunners*. 3. Tithes, *tenths ; the allowance for the support of the clergy*. Chûrls, *surly ill-bred men*. 4. Aæ eôm'plīce, *assistant*. 6. Clû'rate, *clerical assistant*. Chäf'fer, *to bargain*. Pre fër'ment, *promotion*. Sī'ne eûres, *offices which require no labor or active service*. 8. Prël'a çy, *the office or dignity of a prelate or bishop*. 9. Ēd'i fīed, *instructed*.

NOTES.—*Character of a Good Parson*. This poem is an imitation of one upon the same subject in the *Canterbury Tales*, written by Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry. Chaucer was born in London in 1328, and died in 1400.

6. *Paul's, the public fair*, alludes to the sale of Church preferments at St. Paul's, in London.

8. *Sons of Zebedee*. See Matthew xx. 20-26.

112.—THE PILGRIMS IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

JOHN BUNYAN was born at Elstow, near Bedford, England, in 1628. His chief works were *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Holy War*, and *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. He wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress* in Bedford jail, where he was confined for twelve years because of the doctrines he preached. *The Pilgrim's Progress* has gone through more editions, and has attained a wider popularity in all Christian countries, than any other religious book except the Bible. Macaulay says of it, "There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed." He died in London in 1688.

1. Now, there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were and what they did in his grounds.

2. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling on my ground, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

3. Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence ; so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done,—to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound ; and he told her.

4. Then she counseled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy. So, when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste ; then he falls upon them and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves or turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery and to mourn under their distress ; so that all day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

5. The next night she talked with her husband about them further, and, understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before ; and, perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison.

6. “For why,” said he, “should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?” But they desired him to let them go ; with which he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end

of them himself but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits) and lost for a time the use of his hands ; wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do.

7. Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being abed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel ; to which he replied : " They are sturdy rogues ; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves." Then said she, " Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched, and make them believe ere a week comes to an end thou wilt also tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

8. So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. " These," said he, " were pilgrims, as you are, once ; and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done, and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces ; and so within ten days I will do you. Go get ye down to your den again." And with that he beat them all the way thither.

9. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners ; and withal the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, " I fear," said she, " that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape."—" And sayest thou so, my dear ?" said the giant. " I will therefore search them in the morning."

10. Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day. Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: "What a fool" (quoth he) "am I, thus to lie in a dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, "That's good news, good brother. Pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

11. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease; and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door, that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate, to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway again, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Pil'grims, *those who travel to visit holy places.* 3. To wīt, *namely; that is to say.* 4. Rāt'ing, *scolding violently.* Dis tāste', *anger.* 7. De spātched', *slain.* 11. Jū ris dīc'tjōn, *limit of power.*

NOTE.—*The Pilgrim's Progress*, from which this extract is taken, gives an allegorical view of the life of a Christian,—his difficulties, temptations, and ultimate triumph; and this is done with such skill that the book, though upon the most serious of subjects, is read by children with as much pleasure as the fictions written for their amusement. It is a clear stream of the current English of Bunyan's age, in all its plainness and strength.

113.—EVE'S ACCOUNT OF HER CREATION.

JOHN MILTON was born in London, December 9, 1608. He was carefully educated by a private tutor, until at the age of twelve he entered Christ Church College, Cambridge. He was a severe student, but of a haughty temper and impatient of constraint. While yet at college he wrote his grand *Hymn on the Nativity*, any one verse of which was sufficient to show that a great light had risen in English poetry. He graduated in 1632, and afterward pursued his classical studies for five years at his father's house. He wrote a number of political works on subjects then under dispute. His best-known poems are *Comus*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Samson Agonistes*, *Paradise Regained*, and, most famous of all, *Paradise Lost*, from which the following extracts are taken. His poetry has a power, a sublimity, and a solemnity not to be found in any other author. He died November 8, 1674.

1. I FIRST awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of heaven. I thither went
With inexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake that to me seemed another sky.
2. As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me. I started back :
It started back ; but, pleased, I soon returned :
Pleased, it returned as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me : "What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself :
With thee it came and goes ; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming and thy soft embraces."

114.—EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

1. "ADAM, heaven's high behest no preface needs :
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days,
Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover,—well may then thy Lord, appeased,
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim ;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not : to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth, to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."
2. He added not ; for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound. Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retire :
3. "Oh, unexpected stroke,—worse than of death !
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise,—thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods, where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both ? O flowers
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?

Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
 With what to sight or sinell was sweet,—from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?"

JOHN MILTON.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Be hěst', *command*. Ap pēased', *satisfied*.
 Ra pā'gioŭs, *seizing by force*. 3. Rēs'pīte, *postponement*. Am brō'-
 şial, *delicious*.

115.—OLD AGE.

EDMUND WALLER was born at Coleshill, England, March 3, 1605. He was educated at Eton, and afterward at King's College, Cambridge. He wrote several volumes of poetry. His poems are graceful and harmonious, sparkling with wit and vivacity, always clear and simple, and sometimes full of dignity. He died at Beaconsfield, October 21, 1687.

1. THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er :
 So calm are we when passions are no more ;
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
2. Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes :
 The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
3. Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
 As they draw near to their eternal home ;
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

DEFINITION.—2. De seriēs', *perceives*.

116.—TO THE MEMORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

BEN JONSON was born at Westminster in 1574. He received his education at Westminster School, and by some is said to have passed several months at St. John's College, Cambridge. He wrote numerous plays, the first which gained him any reputation was *Every Man in his Humor*. His writings are rather pedantic, yet they show great force and a humor which is thoroughly original and is full of sparkle. He was one of the most intimate friends of Shakespeare. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

1. To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame,
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much :
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;
For silliest ignorance on these would light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance,
Or crafty malice, might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.
2. I therefore will begin : Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room :
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
3. Yet must I not give nature all : thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.

For, though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give thee fashion ; and that he
 Who casts to write a living line must sweat
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame,
 Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn ;
 For a good poet's made as well as born.
 And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue : even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well-turned and true-filled lines,
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.

4. Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That so did take Eliza and our James !
 But stay ! I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there.
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
 Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like
 night,
 And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

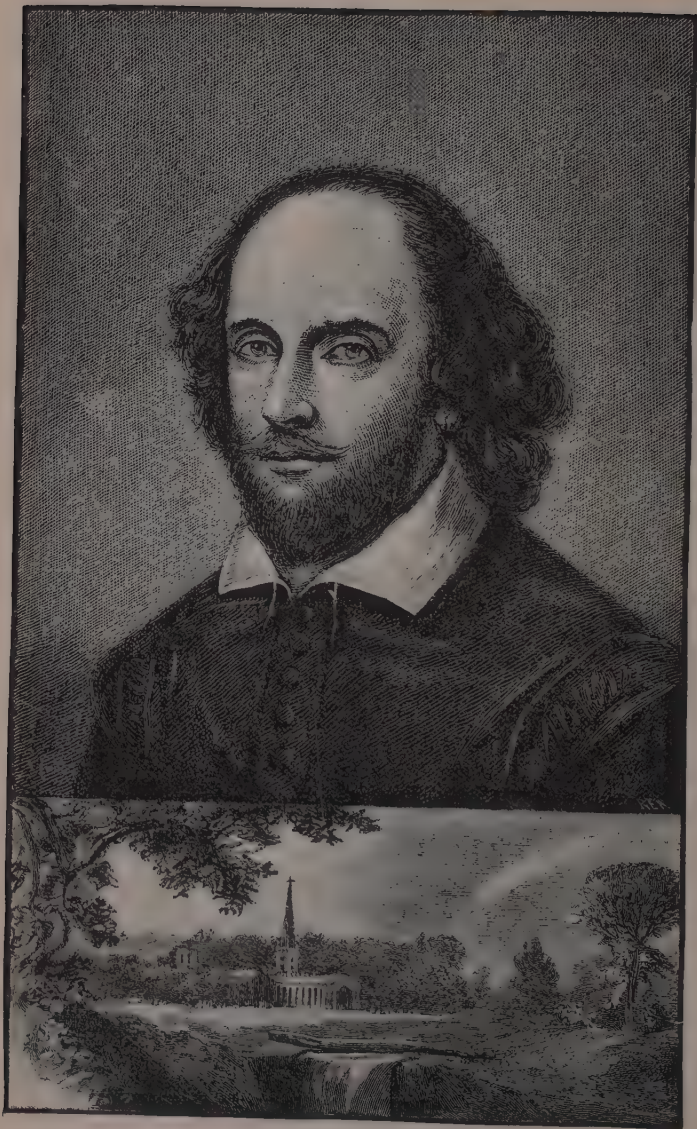
DEFINITIONS.—1. *Suffrage*, opinion. 3. *Laurel*, an evergreen shrub used as a victor's crown. *Issue*, children.

NOTES.—2. *Spenser*. Edmund Spenser, one of the great poets of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Beaumont. Francis Beaumont, a popular dramatist in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

4. *Sweet Swan of Avon*. This well-known title was first applied to Shakespeare by Ben Jonson in this poem.

Eliza and our James. Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James I.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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117.—ISABELLA AND ANGELO.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, England, April 23, 1564. His only opportunities for study were those afforded by a free grammar-school in his native town. As a man, he is described as full of kindly wit, gentle, and good-natured. De Quincey says of his writings, "O mighty poet! thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert, but that the further we press in our discoveries the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye has seen nothing but accident." He died April 23, 1616. The first edition of his collected works appeared in the year 1623.

Angelo. You are welcome. What's your will?

Isabella. I am a woeful suitor to your Honor,
Please but your Honor hear me.

Angelo. Well, what's your suit?

Isabella. I have a brother is condemned to die;
I do beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Angelo. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isabella. Oh, just but severe law!
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your Honor!

(*Retiring.*)

Lucio (to Isabella). Give it not o'er so. To him again;
intreat him;

Kneel down before him; hang upon his gown.
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.

Isabella. Must he needs die?

Angelo. Maiden, no remedy.

Isabella. Yes, I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Angelo. I will not do it.

Isabella. But can you, if you would?

Angelo. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isabella. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Angelo. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Isabella. Too late? Why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one-half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been as stern.

Angelo. Pray you, begone.

Isabella. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Angelo. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isabella. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He which is the top of judgment should

But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Angelo. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isabella. Yet show some pity.

Angelo. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall,
And do him right, that answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isabella. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,

And he that suffers! O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isabella. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder, nothing but thunder.
Merciful heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarléd oak
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

DEFINITIONS.—De pūt'ed, *assigned to another*. Trün'cheòn, *a short staff of office*. Pō'ten çy, *power*. Ġall, *to injure*. Gnärled, *full of knots*.

NOTES.—The extract is from Act II. Scene 2 of *Measure for Measure*. Isabella is pleading for the life of her brother, who has been condemned to death by Angelo, lord deputy in the absence of Vincentio, the reigning duke of Vienna.

Jōve, the chief divinity of the ancient Romans; Jupiter.

118.—POLONIUS TO LAERTES.

1. THERE! my blessing with you,
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou charácter: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,—
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
 Bear it, that the opposéd may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

2. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,—To thine own self be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell ! My blessing season this in thee !

DEFINITION.—1. *Char æ'ter, to infix strongly.*

NOTE.—Po lô'ni us to La ãr'tēs is from Act I. Scene 3 of *Hamlet*. Polonius gives this advice to his son on the eve of his departure for France.

119.—SPEECH OF MARK ANTONY.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interréd with their bones :
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all,—all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason ! Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Marked ye his words ? He would not take
the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him : he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong : I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will ;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which—pardon me—I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ! We will hear Cæsar's will !

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends ; I must not read it :
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O, what would come of it ?

Fourth Cit. Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.

Antony. Will you be patient ? Will you stay awhile ?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar ; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors : Honorable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

Second Cit. They were villains, murderers. The will !
read the will !

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will ?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Second Cit. Descend. (*He comes down from the pulpit.*)

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Second Cit. Room for Antony,—most noble Antony.

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle. I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on:

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;

See what a rent the envious Casca made;

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;

And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle !

Second Cit. O noble Cæsar !

Third Cit. O woeful day !

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains !

First Cit. O most bloody sight !

All. We will be revenged ; revenge,—about,—seek,—
burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live !

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there ! Hear the noble Antony.

Second Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him !

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable,

What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,

That made them do it ; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend ; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him ;

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on :

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny!

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus!

Third Cit. Away, then; come, seek the conspirators!

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas! you know not—I must tell you, then—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true; the will; let's stay and hear the will!

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place.

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Second Cit. Go, fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything !

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Antony. Now let it work ! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !

SHAKESPEARE.

DEFINITIONS.—*Mēet*, proper ; *fit*. *Drāeh'mās*, silver coins. (The Greek drachma was worth about eighteen cents.)

NOTES.—The speech of Mark Antony is from Act III. Scene 2 of *Julius Cæsar*. Brutus, Cassius, Casca, and others, had conspired against Cæsar, and slain him in the Capitol.

Cæsar. Caius Julius Cæsar was born July 12, 100 B. C. He was not only the first general and statesman of his age, but he was—excepting Cicero—its greatest orator, and has never been surpassed as an historian.

Antony. Marcus Antonius (*Mark Antony*) was a relative of Julius Cæsar. He was influenced by real friendship for Cæsar, but, as subsequent events proved, he was ambitious of succeeding to his power.

Brutus. Marcus Junius Brutus spent the early years of his life in literary pursuits. After the death of Pompey he became warmly attached to Cæsar, but through the influence of Cassius he was induced to join in the conspiracy, and appears to have been the only one of the conspirators who was actuated by patriotic motives.

Cassius. Caius Longinus Cassius was a tribune of the people, and a partisan of Pompey in his war against Cæsar.

Lū'per-eal (now pronounced lu pēr'eal), a feast of the Romans in honor of the god Pan.

120.—PSALM XIX.

1. THE heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament showeth his handy-work.

2. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

3. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12. Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

DEFINITIONS.—4. *Līne, instruction; doctrine.* Tāb'er na ele, *a temple.* 8. *Stāt'ūtes, laws.*

121.—PSALM XXIII.

1. THE Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.
3. He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

122.—PSALM XXIV.

1. THE earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof ; the world, and they that dwell therein.
2. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.
3. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? and who shall stand in his holy place ?
4. He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart ; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.
6. This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.
7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in.

8. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.



**BUTLER'S
SERIES**